

Tho: Leigh

ARGALUS AND PARTHENIA.

Written by

FRA. QUARLES.

The last **EDITION** Cor-
rected and Amended.

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, at
the Prince's Arms in *St. Paul's*
Church-yard. 1656.

Given by her mother

For James Colleton

To
Matthews

9th Oct 1839.

Colleton Hill

Done

* 6117a 61



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The minde of the Frontispiece.

REader, behinde this silken Front'spiece
lies
The Argument of our Book : which to your
eyes
Our Muse (for serious causes, and best
known
Unto her self) commands Should be un-
shown :
And therefore to that end, she hath thought
fit,
To draw this Curtain twixt your eye and
it.





To the Reader.

READER,

I Present thee here with an History of Argalus and Parthenia, the fruits of broken hours. It was a Ciens taken out of the Orchard of Sir Philip Sidney, of precious memory, which I have lately grafted upon a Crab-stock, in mine own. It hath brought forth many leaves, and promises pleasing fruit, if malevolent eyes blast it not in the bud. This book differs from my former, as a Courtier from a Church-man: But if any think it unfit for me to play both parts, I have presidents for it: And let such know, that I have taken but one play-day in six: However, I should besbrow that hand that binds them all together to make one Volumn. In this discourse, I have not affected to set thy understanding on the Rack, by the Tyrannie of strong Lines, which (as they fabulously report of China dishes) are made for the third Generation to make use of, and are the meer itch of wit; under the colour of which, many have ventured (trusting to the Oedipean conceit of their ingenious Reader) to write non-sense,

To the Reader.

and feloniously father the created expositions of other men; not unlike some Painters, who first make the Picture, then from the opinion of better judgements, conclude whom it resembles. These lines are strong enough for my purpose: If not for them, yet read them, and yet understandings may be magnified by their weakness. Reader, thou shalt in the progress of this Story, meet with a seeming Solœcism; which is this; Demagoras his so foul a deed perpetrated upon the fair Parthenia, is fully exprest; and y^t, the revenge thereof past over in silence; wherein (as I conceive) I have not dealt unjustly. When Prometheus stole fire from Heaven to animate and quicken his artificial bodies, the severer gods for punishment of so high a sacrilege, struck him not dead with a sudden Thunder-bolt, but (to be more deeply avenged) let him live; to be tormented with Vultures continually gnawing on his Liver. The same kind of torture had I ion, so bad Sisyphus; so had Tantralus: Did then Demagoras fault equal (if not exceed) theirs, and should his punishment be less? Had my pen delivered him dead into your hands, what could you have had more? His accursed memory had soon rotted with his baser name; and there had been an end of him: In which respect I have suffered him to live; that he may stand like a Jack-a-Lent, or a Stinking Cock, for every one to spend a Gudgeon at, to the Worlds end.

Ladies,



To the Reader.

Ladies, for in your silken laps I know this book
will chuse to lie, which being far-fetched, (if
the Stationer be wise) will be most fit for you;
my suit is, That you would be pleased to give
the fair Parthenia your noble entertainment :
She hath crost the Seas for your acquaintance,
and is come to live and die with you ; to whose
gentle hands I recommend her, and kiss them.

Dublin this 4.
of March
1621.

FR. QUARLES.



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Argalus and Parthenia.

The first Book.



Ith in the limits of th' *Arcadian*
Land,
Whose grateful bounty hath
inrich't the hand
Of many a Shepherd Swain,
whose rural Art
(Untaught to gloze, or with a
double heart

To vow dissembled Love) did build to Fame
Eternal *Trophies* of a Pastoral name :
That sweet *Arcadia* ; which, in antick days,
Was wont to warble out her well tun'd lays
To all the world ; and, with her Oaten Reed,
Did sing her love whilst her proud flocks did feed :
Arcadia, whose deserts did claim to be
As great a sharer in the *Daphnean* Tree,
As his, whose louder *Aeneas* proudly sings
Heroick conquests of victorious Kings :
There (if th' exuberance of a word may swell
So high, that *Angels* may be said to dwell)
There dwelt that *Virgin*, that *Arcadian* glory,
Whose rare composure did abstract the story
Of true perfection, modelling forth
The height of beauty, and admired worth ;
Her name *Parthenia*, whose unnam'd descent,
Can serve but as a needless complement,

To gild perfection : She shall boast, alone,
What bounteous Art, and Nature makes her own.
Her mother was a Lady, whom deep age
More fill'd with honor, then diseases ; sage,
A modest Matron, strict, reserv'd, austere,
Sparing in speech, but lib'ral of her ear ;
Fierce to her foes, and violent where she likes ;
Wedded to what her own opinion strikes :
Frequent in alms, and charitable deeds,
Of mighty spirit, constant to her beads,
Wisely suspicious ; but what need we other
Then this ? she was the fair *Parthenia's* mother,
That rare *Parthenia*, in whose heavenly eye
Sits Maiden mildness mixt with Majesty ;
Whose secret power hath a double skill,
By frowns or smiles to make alive or kill ;
Her cheeks are like to banks of fairest flowers,
Enrich'd with sweetness from the twilight showres,
Whereon those jars which were so often bred,
Compos'd were, betwixt the white and red :
Her hair wrought down beneath her Ivory knees,
As if that Nature to so rare a piece
Had meant a shadow . labouring to show
And boast the utmost that her hand could do.
Like smallest flax appear'd her Nymph-like hair,
But onely flax was not so smal, so fair.
Her lips like Rubies, and you'd think, within,
Instead of teeth, that orient pearls had been :
The whiteness of her dainty neck you know,
If ever you beheld the new-faln Snow ;
Her Swan-like breasts were like two little *Sybeats*,
Wherein, each azure line in view appears,
Which, were they obvious but to every eye,
All liberal Arts would turn *Astronomy* :
Her slender waste, her lily hands, her arms
I dare not set to view, because all charms
Forbidden are my *humble Muse* descends
No lower step : Here her *Commissions* ends,
And by another virtue doth enjoin
My pen, to treat perfection more divine.

The chaste *Diana*, and her Virgin-crew
Was but a *Type* of one that should inue
In after ages, which we find exprest,
And here fulfill'd in chaste *Parthenia's* breast;
True vertue was the object of her will;
She could no ill, because she knew no ill;
Her thoughts were noble, and her words not lavish
Yet free, but wisely weigh'd, more apt to ravish,
Then to intice; less beautified with Art,
Then natural sweetness; In her gentle heart
Judgement transcended; from her milder breast
Passion was not exiled, but repress:
Her voyce excel'd, nay, had you heard her voyce
But warble forth, you might have had the choyce,
To take her for some smooth-fac'd *Cherubin*,
Or else some glorious Angel that had been
A treble sharer in th' eternal joyes;
Such was her voyce, such was her heavenly voyce:
Merry, yet modest; witty, and yet wise;
Not apt to toy, and yet not too too nice;
Quick, but not rash; courteous, and yet not common;
Not too familiar, and yet scorning no man.
In brief, who would relate her praises well,
Must first bethink himself, what 'tis t' excel.

When these perfections had inhaunc'd the name
Of rare *Parthenia*, nimble winged Fame
Grew great with honor, spreads her hasty wings,
Advanc'd her Trumpet, and away she springs,
And with her full-mouth'd blast she doth proclame
Th' unmated glory of *Parthenia's* name:
Who now but fair *Parthenia*? what report
Can find admittance in th' *Arcadian* Court
But fair *Parthenia*? Every solemn Feast
Must now be sweetned, honour'd, and possess'd
With high discourses of *Parthenia's* glory,
And every mouth must breath *Parthenia's* story.
The Poët summons now his amorous quill,
And scorns assistance from the Sacred Hill.
The sweet-lipt Oratour takes in hand to raise
His prouder stile, to speak *Parthenia's* praise.

The curious Painter wisely doth displace
Fair *Venus*, sets *Parthenia* in her place.
The pleader burns his books, disdains the Law,
And falls in love with whom his eyes ne'r saw.
Healths to the fair *Parthenia* flie about
At every board, whilst others, more devour,
Build Idols to her, and adore the same,
And Parrets learn to prate *Partheniaes* name :
Some trust to fame, some secretly disprize
Her worth ; some emulates, and some envies ;
Some doubt, some fear lest lavish Fame belie her,
And all that dare believe report, admire.

Upon the borders of the *Arcadian* Land
Dwelt a *Laconian* Lord : of proud command,
Lord of much people, youthful, and of fame,
More great than good ; *Demagoras* his name :
Of stature tall, his body spare and meager,
Thick shouldred, hollow cheek'd, and visage eager,
His gashfull countenance swarthy, long and thin,
And down each side of his reverred chin
A lock of black neglected hair (befriended
With warts too ugly to be seen) descended ;
His rolling eyes were deeply sunk, and hiew'd
Like fire : 'Tis said, they blister'd where they view'd.
Upon his shoulders from his fruitfull crown,
A rugged crop of *Elf-locks* dangled down :
His hide all hairy ; garish his attire,
And his Complexion meerly Earth and Fire ;
Perverse to all ; extenuating what
Another did, because he did it not ;
Maligning all mens actions but his own,
Not loving any, and belov'd of none ;
Revengefull, envious, desperately stout,
And in a word, to paint him fully out,
That had the Monopoly, to fulfill
All vice ; the *Hieroglyphick* of all ill.
He view'd *Partheniaes* face. As from above,
Fire-balls of lighening hurl'd by angry *Jove*,
Confound th' unarm'd beholder at a blow,
And leave him ruin'd in the place ; Even so

The

Book 1. Argalus and Parthenia.

The peerless beauty of Parthenia's eyes,
At the first sight did conquer and surprize
The lavish thoughts of this amazed lover,
Who void of strength to hide, or to discover
The tyrannous scorching of his secret fires;
Prompted by Passion, with himself conspires;
Accurs'd Demagoras! Into what a Fever
Hath one look struck thy soul? O never, never
To be recur'd! If I had done amiss,
Hath Heaven no easier plagues in store, but this?
Prometheus pains are not so sharp as these,
Our sins yet labor'd both of one disease;
Our faults are equal: Both stole fire from Heaven;
Our faults alike, why are our plagues uneven?
Be just, O make not such unequal odds
Of equal sins: Be just, or else no gods:
Why send ye down such Angels to the earth?
To mock poor mortals? or of mortal birth
If such a Heaven-like Paragon may be,
Why do ye not wound her as well as me?
But why do I implore your aids in vain,
That are the highest Agents in my pain?
Poor wretch! What hope of help can ye assure me,
When one's she, that made the wound, can cure me?
Divine Parthenia, Earth's unvalued Jewel;
Would thou hadst been less glorious or less cruel?
When first thine eyes did to these eyes appear,
I read the history of my ruin there,
My necessary ruin: Heaven, nor Hell
Can salve my sores, by help of Prayer or Spell;
Gods are unjust, and if, with charms I bawlt her,
Her eyes are counter charms, to' inchant th' inchanter.
Why do I thus exulcerate my disease?
By adding torments, hope I to finde ease?
Is not her cruelty enough, alone,
But must I bring fresh torments of my own?
Chear up Demagoras; 'Tis a wise man's part
Not to lose all, if his unprattis'd art
Serves not to gain: A Gamester may not chuse
His chance: It is some conquest not to lose.

Look to thy self: Let no injurious blast
 Of cold despair chill thy green wounds too fast
 For time to cure: O, hope for no remission
 Of pain, till Cupid send thee a Physician.
 She is a woman; if a woman, then
 My title's good: Women were made for men;
 She is a woman, though her heavenly brow
 Write Angel, and may stoop, although not now;
 Women, by looks, will not be understood
 Untill their hearts advise with flesh and blood.
 She is a woman, There's no reason why,
 But she (perchance) may burn as well as I.
 Move then, Demagoras, let Parthenia know
 The strength of her own beauty, in thy woe:
 Fear not, what thou ador'st; begin to move,
 Chris-cross fore runs the Alphabet of love:
 'Tis half perfected, what is once begun,
 She is a woman, and she must be won.

Like as a Swain, whose hands have made a vow,
 And sworn allegiance to the peaceful Plow,
 Prest out for service in the Martial Camp,
 At first (unentred) finds a lifeless damp
 Beleag'ring every joynt, as often swounds
 As here he views his sword, or thinks of wounds;
 At length (not finding any means for flying,
 Swicht and spur'd on with desp'rate fear of dying)
 He hews, he hacks, and in the midst he goes,
 And freshly deals about his frantick blows;
 Even so Demagoras, whose unbred fashion
 Had never yet subscrib'd to loves sweet passion,
 Being call'd a Combatant to Cupids field,
 Trembles, and secretly resolves to yeeld
 The day without a parly, till at length,
 Fiercely transported by th' untutor'd strength
 Of his own passion, he himself assures,
 That desp'rate torments must have desp'rate cures;
 And thus to the divine Parthenia's ears
 Applies his speech, devoid of doubts and fears:

Fairest of creatures, if my ruder tongue,
 To right it self, should do your patience wrong,

And

Book I. Argalus and Parthenia.

7

And lawless passion makes it too too free,
O blame your heavenly beauty, and not me;
It was those eyes, those precious eyes that first
Enforc'd my tongue to speak, or heart to burst;
From those dear eyes I first receiv'd that wound,
Which seeks for cure, and cannot be made sound.
But by the hand that struck: To you alone,
I sue for help that else must hope for none.
Then crown my joyes, thou Antidote of despair,
And be as merciful as thou art fair;
Nature, (the bounty of whose liberal hand
Made thee the jewel of the Arcadian Land)
Intended in so rare a prize, to boast
Her master piece: Hid jewels are but lost;
Shine then, and reb not Nature of her due,
But honor her, as she hath honor'd you.
Let not the best of all her works lie dead
In the nice Casket of a Maiden head.
What she would have reveal'd, O do not smother,
Th' art made in vain, unless thou make another;
Give me thy heart, and for that gift of thine,
Lest thou shouldst want a heart, Ile give thee mine,
As richly fraught with love, and lasting duty,
As thou with virtue, or thine eyes with beauty.
Why dost thou frown? Why does that heavenly brow
Not made for wrinkles, shew a wrinkle now?
Send forth thy brighter Sun-shine, and the while,
O lend me but the twilight of a smile:
Give me one amorous glance; why standst thou mute?
Disclose those ruby lips, and grant my suit.
Speak (Love,) or if thy doubtful mind be bent
To silence, let that silence be consent;
Nor beg I love of alms, although in part,
My words may seem to implead my own desert;
Disdain me not, although my thoughts descend
Below themselves, & enjoy so fair a friend.
I, that have oft with tears been sought to, sue;
And Queens have been his servants, that serves you.
The beauties of all Greece have been at strife
To win the name of great Demagoras wife,

And

And been despir'd, not worthy to obtain
 So high an honor; what they sought (in vain)
 I bere present thee with, as thine own due,
 It being an honour fit for none but you:
 Speak then (my love) and let thy lips make known
 That I am either thine, or not mine own.

Have you beheld when fresh *Aurora's* eye
 Sends forth her early beams, and by and by
 Withdraws the glory of her face, and shrouds
 Her cheeks behind a ruddy mask of clouds,
 Which, who believe in *Erra Pater* say,
 Presages wind and blustry storms that day.
 Such were *Parthenia's* looks; in whose fair face
 Roses and Lillies, late had equal place:
 But now, 'twixt Maiden bashfulness, and spleen,
 Roses appear'd, and Lilies were not seen:
 She paus'd a while, ti'l at the last, she breaks
 Her long kept angry silence, thus, and speaks,

My Lord,
 Had your strong Oratorie but the Art,
 To make me conscious of so great desert,
 As you perswade, I should be bound & duty
 To praise your Rhet'rick as you praise my beauty:
 Or if the frailty of my judgement could
 Flatter my thoughts so grossly, as to hold
 Your words for currant, you might boldly dare
 Count me as foolish, as you term me fair.
 If you vie Courtship, Fortune knows that I
 Have not so strong a game, to see the vie:
 Alas, my skill durst never undertake
 To play the game, where hearts be set at stake:
 Needs must the loss be great, when such have bin
 Seldom observ'd to save themselves, that win:
 You crave my heart, my Lord, you crave withal,
 Too great a mischief: My poor heart's too small
 To fill the concave of so great a brest,
 Whose thought can scorn the amorous request
 Of love-sick Queens, and can requite the vain,
 And satious suits of Ladies with disdain:

Stoop not so low beneath your Self (Great Lord)
To love Parthenia; Shall so poor a word
Stain your fair lips, whose merits do proclaim
A more transcendent fortune, then that name
Can give? Call down Joves winged Pursuivants,
And give his tongue the power to enchant
Some easie Goddess in your name, and treat
A marriage fitting so sublime, so great
A mind as yours, and fill the fruitful earth
With Heroes, sprung from so divine a birth:
Partheniaes heart could never yet aspire
So high: Her home-bred thoughts dost ne'r desire
So fond an honor, matcht with so great pride,
To hope for that, which Queens have been deny'd.
Be wise, my Lord; vouchsafe not to repeat
S' unfit a suit: Be wise as you are great:
Advance your noble Thoughts, bazard no more
To wrack your fortunes on so fleet a shore,
That to the wiser world, it may be known,
The less y' are mine, the more you are your own.

Like as a guilty prisoner, upon whom
Offended Justice lately past her doom,
Stands trembling by, and hopeles to prevail,
Bauls not for mercy, but to the loath'd Jail
Drags his sad Irons, and from thence commends
A hasty suit to his selected friends,
That by the vertue of a quick Reprieve,
The wretch might have some few daies more to live,
Even so Demagoras, whose re-wounded heart
Had newly felt the unexpected smart
And secret burthen of a desperate doom,
Replies not, takes no leave, but quits the room
And in his discontented mind, revolves
Ten thousand thoughts, and at the last resolves
What course to run, relying on no other
But the assistance of Partheniaes mother.
Forthwith his fierce misguided passion drove
His wandring steps to the next neighboring grove,
A keen Steeletto in his trembling hand
He rudely grip'd, upon his lips did stand

A milk

A milk-white froth, his eyes like flames ; Sometimes
 He curses Heaven, himself, and then the times,
 Rails at the proud *Parthenia* raves, despairs,
 And from his head rends off his tangled hairs,
 Curses the womb that bare him, bans the Fates,
 And drunk with Spleen, he thus deliberates :

*Why dy'st thou not, Demagoras, when as death
 Lends thee a weapon ? Can the whining breath
 Of discontents and passion send relief
 To thy distraction, or assuage thy grief ?
 Why mov'st thou not the gods ? or, rather, why
 Do'st not condemn, and scorn their power and die ?
 But stay ! of whom dost thou complain ? A woman.
 To whom (fond man) dost thou complain ? A woman.
 And shall a womans frowns have power to grieve thee ?
 Or shall a womans wanton smile relieve thee ?
 Fie, fie, Demagoras, shall a womans eye
 Prevail, to make the stout Demagoras die,
 And leave to after times an enter'd name
 In Calender of fools ? Rouze up for shame
 Thy wasted spirits : whet thy spleen, and live
 To be reveng'd : She, she that won'd not give
 Admittance to thy profer'd love, must drink
 The potion of thy hate : stir then the sink
 Of all thy passion ; where thou canst not gain
 By fairer language, Tarquin-like constrain.
 But hold thy hand, Demagoras, and advise ;
 Art gives advantage oft where force denies :
 Suspend thy fury, make *Parthenia's* mother,
 Thy means : One Adamant will cut another :
 Sweeten thy lips with amorous Oratorie ;
 Affect her tender heart with the sad story
 Of thy dear love : Extol *Parthenia's* beauty ;
 But most of all, urge that deserved duty
 Thou ow'st her vertue, and make that the ground
 Of thy first love, that gave thy heart the wound :
 Mingle thy words with sighs, and it is meet,
 If thou canst force a tear, to let her see't,
 Against thy will. Let thy false tongue forbear
 No vows, and though thou beest forsworn, yet swear :*

Book I. Argalus and Parthenia.

11

If ere thy barren lips shall chance to pause,
For want of words, Parthenia is the cause,
Who hath benumb'd thy heart, if ere they go
Beyond their lists, Parthenia made them so:
Withall, be sure, when ere thou shalt advance
The daughters virtues, let the glory glance
Upon the prudent mother: women care not
To bear too much of virtue if they share not
When thus thou hast prepar'd her melting ear
To soft attention, closely, in the rear
Of thy discourse, prefer thy sad petition
That she would please to favor the condition
Of a distressed Lover, and afford
In thy behalf, a mothers timely word,
So shalt thou wrack thy vengeance by a wile,
And make the mother Lawd to her own child.

He paused not, but like a rash projector
(Whose frantick passion was supream director)
Fixt his first thoughts, impatient of the second,
Which might been bettered by advice, and reckon'd
All time but lost, which he bestowed not
On th' execution of his hopeful plot:
Forthwith his nimble paces he divided,
Towards the Summer Palace, where resided
The fair Parthenias mother, boldly enters,
And after mutual complement adventures
To break the ice of his dissembled grief:
Thus he complains, and thus he begs relief.

Madam,

The hopefull thriving of my suit depends
Upon your goodness, and it recommends
Itself unto your favour, from whose hand
It must have sentence, or to fall, or stand:
Thrice three times hath the Sovereign of the night,
Repaird her empty horns with borrowed light,
Since these sad eyes, these beauty-blasted eyes
Were stricken by a light that did arise
From your blest womb, whose unasswaged smart
Hath pierc'd my soul, and wounded my poor heart:

It is the fair Parthenia, whose divine
 And glorious vertue led these eyes of mine
 To their own ruin; Like a wanton Fly,
 I dallied with the flame of her bright eye,
 Till I have burn'd my wings; O, if to love
 Be held a sin; the guilty gods above
 (Being fellow-sinners with me, and commit
 The self same crimes) may eas'ly pardon it.
 O thrice divine Parthenia, that hast got
 A sacred priviledge which the gods have not,
 If thou hast doom'd that I shall be bereaven
 Of my loath'd life, yet let me die forgiven;
 And welcome death that with one happy blow
 Gives me more ease, then ever life could do.
 Madam, to whom should my sad words appeal
 But you? Alas to whom should I reveal
 My dying thoughts but unto you that gave
 Being to her, that hath the power to save
 My wasted life; the language of a mother
 Moves more then tears, that trickles from another.
 With that a well dissembled drop did slide
 From his false eyes. The Lady thus repli'd;

My honorable Lord,

If my untimely answer hath prevented
 Some farther words your passion would have vented,
 Pardon my haste, which in a ruder fashion
 Sought onely to divide you from your passion:
 The love you bear Parthenia must claim
 The priviledge of mine ear, and in her name,
 (Though from an absent mind, as yet unknown)
 Return I thank with interest of mine own.
 The little judgement, that the gods have lent
 Her downy years (though in a smal extent)
 Does challenge the whole freedom of her choyce;
 In the resignation of a mother's voyce:
 The sprightly fancies of a Virgins mind
 Enter themselves, and hate to be confin'd.
 The bidden Embers of a lovers fire
 Desire no bellows, but their own desire;
 And like to Dedalus his forge, if blown,

Burns dim and dies; blazes, if let alone.
Lovers affect without advisement, that
Which being most perswaded to, they hate.
My Lord adjourn your passion, and refer
The fortune of your suit to time, and her.
Like to a Pinace is a Lovers minde,
The sail his fancy is; a storm of wind
His uncontrolled passion; the Steers
His Reason; Rocks and Sands, are Doubts and Fears;
Your storm being great, like a wise Pilot bear
But little Sail, and stoutly ply the Steer:
Leave then the violence of your thoughts to me
My Lord, too hasty Gamesters oversee.
Go, move Parthenia, and let Juno's blessing
Attend your hopeful suit, in the suppressing
Loves common evils; and if her warm desire
Shew but a spark, learn me to blow the fire.
Go, lose no time: Lovers must be laborious,
My Lord, go prosperous, and return victorious.

With that, Demagoras (prostrate on the ground,
As if his ears had heard that blessed sound,
Wherewith the Delphian Oracle acquites
Th'accepted sacrifice) performs the Rites
Of quick devotion, to that heavenly voyce,
Which fed his soul with the malignant joyes
Of vow'd revenge, up from the floor he starts
Blesses the tongue that blest him, and departs.

By this time, had the Heaven-surrounding Steeds
Quell'd their proud courage, turn'd their fainting
Into their lower Hemisphere, to cool (heads
Their flaming Nostrils in the Western Pool,
When as the dainty and mollitious Air
Had bid the Lady of the Palace share,
In her refined pleasures, and invited
Her gentle steps fully to be delighted
In those sweet walks, where Flora's liberal hand
Had given more freely, then to all the Land.
There walked she, and in her various mind,
Projects and casts about which way to find
The progress of the young Parthenia's heart.

Like

Likes this way : Then a second thought does thwart
 The first, likes that way, then a third the second ;
 One while she likes the match, and then she reckon'd
Demagoras vertues : Now her fear intices
 Her thoughts to alter ; then she counts his vices :
 Sometimes she calls his vows and oaths to mind,
 Another while, thinks oaths and words but winde,
 She likes, dislikes, her doubtful thoughts do vary ;
 Resolves, and then resolves the quite contrary :
 One while she fears that his malign aspect
 Will give the Virgin cause to disaffect.

And then propounds to her ambitious thoughts
 His wealth, the golden cover of all faults ;
 And, from the *Chaos* of her doubt, digests
 Her fears ; creates a world of wealth, and rests
 With that, she straight annex her fastned eyes
 From off the ground, and looking up, espies
 The fair *Parthenia* in a lonely Bowre,
 Spending the treasure of an evening hour,
 There sate she, reading the sweet sad discourses
 Of *Chariclea's* love ; the intercourses
 Of whoie mixt fortunes taught her tender heart
 To feel the self-same joy, the self-same smart.
 She read, she wept ; and as she wept she smil'd,
 As if her equal eyes had reconcil'd
 Th' extremes of joy and grief : she clos'd the Book,
 Then open'd it, and with a milder look,
 She pities lovers ; musing then a while,
 She teaches smiles to weep, and tears to smile ;
 At length, her broken thoughts she thus discovers,

Unconstant state of poor distressed lovers !

Is all extreme in love ? No meane at all ?

No draughts indiffernt ? Either honey or gall ?

Has Cupids unverse no temp'rate Zone ?

Either a torrid, or a frozen one ?

Alas, alas, poor Lovers ! As she spake
 Those words, from her disclosed lips there brake
 A gentle sigh, and after that another.

With that, steps in her unexpected mother.

Have ye beheld when *Titans* lustful head

Has

Hath newly div'd into the Sea-green bed
 Of *Thetis*, how the bashful Horizon
 (Enforc'd to see what should be seen by none)
 Looks red for shame, and blushes to discover
 Th' incestuous pleasures of the Heaven-born lover?
 So lock'd *Parthenia*, when the sudden eye
 Of her unwelcome mother did descry
 Her secret passion; The mothers smile
 Brought forth the daughters blush; and level coy
 They smil'd and blush'd, one smile begat another;
 The daughter blush'd, because the jealous mother
 Smil'd on her, and the silent mother smil'd
 To see the conscious blushing of her childe.
 At length grown great with words, she did awake
 Her forced silence, and she thus bespake,
 Blush not, my fairest daughter: 'Tis no shame
 To pity lovers, or lament that flame,
 Which worth and beauty kindles in the breast:
 'Tis charity to succour the distressed.
 The disposition of a generous heart
 Takes every grief her own: at least bears part.
 What *Marble*, ah what *Adamantine* ear
 Heard the flames of *Troy* without a tear?
 Much more the scorching of a lovers fire,
 Whose desperate fervor is his own desire)
 May boldly challenge every gentle heart
 To be joyn't tenant in his secret smart.
 Why dost thou blush? why did those pearly tears
 Slide down? Fear not: This arbour hath no ears?
 There's none but we, speak then: It is no shame
 To shed a tear, thy mother did the same.
 Ah, ha! the winged wanton, with his dart,
 Hath ere a message to thy wounded heart?
 Speak, in the name of *Hymen*, I conjure thee:
 So, I have a Balsom will recure thee;
 Fear, I fear, the young *Laconian* Lord
 Hath lately left some indigested word
 Thy cold stomach; which, for want of art,
 Doubt, I doubt, lies heavy as thy heart:
 What be all, revealing brings relief;

Silence

Hark

Silence in love but multiplies a grief;
 Hid sorrow's desperate, not to be endur'd,
 Which being but disclos'd, is easily cur'd.
 Perchance thou lov'st Demagoras, and wouldst smother
 Thy close affection from thy angry mother,
 And reap the dainty fruits of love unseason'd.
 I did the like, or thou hadst never been;
 Stolen goods are sweetest. If it be thy minde
 To love in secret, I will be as blind.
 As be that wounded thee; or if thou dare
 Acquaint thy mother, then a mothers care
 Shall be redoubled, till thy thoughts acquire
 The sweet fruition of thy choyce desire.
 Thou lov'st Demagoras: if thy lips deny,
 Thy conscienc heart must give thy lips the lie:
 And if thy liking countermand my will,
 Thy punishment shall be to love him still.
 Then love him still, and let his hopes inherie
 The crown belonging to so fair a merit;
 His thoughts are noble, and his fame appears
 To speak, at least, an age above his years:
 The b'ood of his increasing honor springs
 From the high stock of the Arcadian Kings;
 The gods have blest him with a liberal hand,
 Enricht him with the prime of all the land:
 Honour and wealth attend his gates, and what
 Can be command that he possesses not?
 All which, and more (if mothers can divine)
 The fortune of thy beauty hath made thine;
 He is thy Captive, and thy conquering eyes
 Have took him prisoner, he submits, and lies
 At thy dear mercy, hoping ne'r to be
 Ransom'd from death, by any price, but thee.
 Wrong not thy self, in being too too nice,
 And what (perchance) may not be proffer'd twice,
 Accept at first: It is a foolish minde
 To be too coy; Occasion's bald behinde.
 'Tis not the common work of every day
 To afford such offers; take them while you may,
 Times alter: Time and beauty are but blasts;

Use then thy time, whilst youth and beauty lasts :
 For if that loath'd and infamous reproach
 Of a stale maid, but offer to incroach
 Upon opinion, th' art in estimation,
 Like garments kept till they be out of fashion :
 Thy worth, thy wit, thy vertues all must stand
 Like goods at out-cries, pris'd at second hand ;
 Resolve thee than, t' enlarge thy Virgin-life
 With the honorable freedom of a wife :
 And let the fruits of that blest marriage be
 A living pledge betwixt my childe and me.

So said, The fair Parthenia (in whole heart
 Her strong affection yet had got the start
 Of her obedience) makes a sudden pause,
 Strives with her thoughts ; objects the binding laws
 Of filial duty to her best affection,
 Sometimes submits unto her own election,
 Sometimes submits unto her mothers : Thus divided
 In her distracted fancy, sometimes guided
 By one desire, and sometimes by another
 She thus repli'd to her attentive mother :

Madam,

Think not Parthenia, under a pretence
 Of silence studies disobedience ;
 Or by the crafty slowness of reply
 Borrows a quick advantage to deny :
 It lies not in your power to command
 Beyond my will ; unto your tender hand
 I here surrender up that little All
 You gave me freely to dispose withall :
 The Gods forbid, Parthenia should resist
 What you command, command you what you list :
 But pardon me, the young Laconian Lord
 Hath made assault, but never yet could board
 This heart of mine : I wept, I wept indeed,
 But my misconstrued streams did ne'r proceed
 From Cupids spring ; This blubber'd look makes known
 Those griefs I wept ; I wept not for mine own ;
 My lowly thoughts durst never yet aspire
 The least degree towards the proud desire

Of so great honor to be call'd his Wife,
 For whom ambitious Queens have been at strife:
 He su'd for love, and strongly did importune
 My heart, more pleas'd with a meaner fortune:
 My breast was Marble, and my heart forgot
 All pity, for indeed, I lov'd him not:
 But Madam, you, to whose more wise directions
 I bend the stoutest of my rash affections,
 You have commanded, and your will shall be
 The square of my uneven desires, and me:
 I'll practise duty, and my deed shall show it:
 I'll practise love, though Cupid never know it.

When great *Basilus* (he whose princely hand
 Nourish'd long peace in the *Arcadian Land*)
 With triumph, brought to his renowned Court
 His new espoused Queen, was great resort
 Of foreign States, and Princes, to behold
 The truth, that unbeliev'd report hath told
 Of fair *Gynecia's* worth, thither repair'd
 The *Cyprian* Nobles richly all prepar'd
 In warlike furniture, and well adrest,
 With solemn Jousts to glorifie the Feast
 Of Marriage royal, lately past between
 Th' *Arcadian King*, and his thrice noble Queen,
 The fair *Gynecia*, in whose face and brest,
 Nature, and curious art had done their best,
 To sum that rare perfection, which (in brief)
 Transcends the power of a strong belief:
 Her Syre was the *Cyprian King*, whose fame
 Receiv'd more honor from the honour'd name,
 Than if he had with his victorious hand,
 Unsceptred half the Princes in the Land:
 To tell the glory of this royal Feast,
 The Bridegrooms state, and how the Bride was drest;
 The princely service, and the rare delights;
 The several names and worth of Lords and Knights;
 The quaint *Impresa's*, their deviseful shows;
 Their Marshal sports, their oft redoubled blows;
 The courage of this Lord, or that proud Horse,
 Who ran, who got the better, who the worse,

Is not my task ; nor lies it in my way,
To make relation of it, Heraulds may :
Yet fame and honour have selected one
From that illustrious crue ; and him alone
Have recommended to my careful quill,
Forbidding that his honor should lie still
Among the rest, whom fortune and his sp^{irit}
That day had crowned with a Victors merit :
His name was *Argalus*, in *Cyprus* born :
And (if what is not ours, may adorn
Our proper fortunes) his blood royal springs
From th' ancient stock of the great *Cyprian* Kings :
His out-side had enough to satisfie
The expectation of a curious eye :
Nature was too too prodigal of her beauty,
To make him half so fair, whom fame and duty
He ought to honour, call'd so often forth,
T' approve the excellence of his manly worth ;
His mind was richly furnisht with the treasure,
Of Moral knowledge in so liberal measure,
Not to be proud ; So valiant and so strong,
Of noble courage, not to dare a wrong ;
Friendly to all men, inward but with few ;
Fast to his old friends, and unapt for new :
Lord of his word, and master of his passions ;
Serious in business, choyce in recreation ;
Not too mistrustful, and yet wisely wary ;
Hard to resolve, and then as hard to vary.
And to conclude, the world could hardly finde
So rare a body with so rare a minde.

Thrice had the bright surveyour of the heaven
Divided out the days and nights by eaven
And equal howers, since this childe of fame
(Invited by the glory of her name)
First view'd *Partheniaes* face, whose mutual eye
Shot equal flames, and with the secret tie
Of indisclos'd affection, joy'd together
Their yielding hearts, their loves unknown to either
Both dearly lov'd ; the more they strove to hide
Their love, affection they the more descride,

*It lies beyond the power of art to smother
Affection, where one ver.ue findes another.*

One was their thoughts, and their desires one,
And yet both lov'd, unknown; below'd, unknown:
One was the Dart, that at the self same time
Was sent, that wounded her, that wounded him:
Both hop'd, both fear'd alike, both joy'd, both griev'd
Yet, where they both could help, was none reliev'd:
Two lov'd, and two beloved were, yet none
But two in all, and yet that *all* but one,
By this time had their barren lips betray'd
Their timorous silence; now they had display'd
Loves sanguine colours, whilst the winged Childe
Sate in a tree, and clapt his hands, and smil'd
To see the combat of two wounded friends,
He strikes and wounds himself, while she defends
That would be wounded, for her pain proceeds,
And flows from his, and from his wound, she bleeds;
She plays at him, and aiming at his brest,
Pierces her own heart: And when his hand addrest
The blow to her fair bosom, there it found
His own dear heart, and gave that heart the wound:
At length both conquer'd, and yet both did yeeld,
Both lost the day, and yet both won the field:
And as the warfare of their tongues did cease,
Their lips gave earnest of a joyful peace.

*But O the hidious chances that attend
A lovers progress to his journeys end!
How many desprate rubs, and dangers wait
Each minute on his miserable state!
His hopes do build, what straight his fears destroy:
Sometimes he surfeits with excess of joy;
Sometimes despairing ere to find relief,
He roars beneath the tyranny of grief;
And when loves current runs with greatest force,
Some obvious mischief still disturbs the course;
For lo, no sooner the discovered flame
Of these new parted lovers did proclame
Loves sacred Jubilee; but the Virgins Mother
(The posture of whole visage did discover*

Some

Some serious matter, harb'ring in her brest)
Enters the room: Half angry, half in jest,
She thus began: *My dearest childe, this night,*
When as the silent darkness did invite
Mine eyes to slumber, sundry thoughts possesst
My troubled minde, and robb'd me of my rest;
I slept not till the early bugle horn
Of Chanticleere had summon'd in the morn
To attend the Light, and nurse the new born Day:
At last when Morpheus with his leaden key
Had lock'd my senses, and enlarg'd the power
Of my heaven-guided fancy, for an hour
I slumber'd; and before my slumbering eyes,
One, and the self-same dream presented thrice;
I wak'd; and being frighted at the vision,
Perceiv'd the gods had made an apparition.
My dream was this: Methought I saw thee sitting
Drest like a princely Bride, with robes bespitting
The State of Majesty; thy Nymph-like hair
Loosly dishevel'd and thy brows did bear
A Cypress wreath; and (thrice three moneths expir'd)
Thy pregnant womb grew heavy and requir'd
Lucina's aid; with that me thought I saw
A team of barrest Peacocks fiercely draw
A fiery chariot from the flitting skie,
Wherein there sate the glorious Majestie
Of great Saturnia, on whose train attended
A host of goddesses; Juno descended
From out the flaming Chariot, and blest
Thy painful womb: Thy pains a while increast,
At length she laid her gentle palms upon
Thy fruitful flank, and there was born a son,
She made thee mother of a smiling boy,
And after blest thee with a mothers joy,
She kist the Babe, whose fortune she foretold;
For on his head she set a crown of Go'd;
Forthwith, as if the heavens had cloven in sunder.
Methought I heard the horrid noyse of thunder;
The hail storm'd down, and yet the skie was clear,
Some hailstones that descended did appear

*As Orient pearls, some like refined Gold,
 Whereat the Goddess turn'd, and said, Behold,
 Great Jove hath sent a gift; go forth, and take't :
 Thus having spoke, she vanish, and I wak'd :
 I wak'd, and waking trembled; for I knew
 They were no idle passages, that grew
 From my discomper'd thoughts : 'twas not a vain
 Delusion roaring from a troubled brain.
 It was a vision, and the Gods forespake
 Parthenia's fortune; Gods cannot mistake.
 I lik'd the dream, wherein the heavens foretold
 Thy joyfull Marriage, and the shower of gold
 Betokened wealth : The Infants golden Crown,
 Ensuing honour, Juno's coming down,
 A safe deliverance; and the smiling Boy
 Summ'd up the total of a mothers joy :
 But what the wreath of Cyprus (that was set
 Upon thy nuptial brows) presag'd as yet
 The Gods keep from me : if that secret do
 Portend an evill, Heaven keep it from thee too.
 Advise Parthenia : seek not to withstand
 The plot wherein the Gods vouchsafe a hand :
 Submit thy will to theirs; what they enjoyn
 Must be; nor lies it in my power or thine
 To contradict : Endeavour to fulfill
 What else must come to pass against thy will:
 Now by the filial duty thou dost bear
 The Gods and me, or if ought else more dear
 Can force obedience, as thou hop'st to speed
 At the Gods hands, in greatest time of need;
 By Heaven, by Hell; by all the powers above,
 I here conjure Parthenia to remove
 All fond conceits, that labo' to disjoin
 What Heaven hath knit; Derogoras heart and thine;
 The Gods are faithful; and their wisdoms know
 What's better for us mortals, then we do.
 Doubt not (my childe) the Gods cannot deceive;
 What Heaven does offer, fear not to receive
 With thankful hands; pass not so slightly over
 The dear affections of so true a Lover.*

Pity his flames, relieve his tortur'd breast,
 That findes abroad no joy, at home no rest;
 But like a wounded Hart before the Hounds,
 That flies with Cupids Javelin in his wounds:
 Stir up thy rak'd up embers of desire;
 The Gods will bring in fuel and blow the fire;
 Be gentle; let thy cordial smiles revise
 His wasted spirits, that onely cares to live
 To do thee honour: it was Cupids will,
 The Dart he sent, should onely wound, not kill;
 Yeeld then; and let the engaged Gods powre down
 Their promis'd blessings on thy head, and crown
 Thy youth with joyes; and maist thou after be
 As blest in thine, as I am blest in thee.

So said: the fair *Parthenia*, to whose heart
 Her fixt desires, had taught th' unwilling Art
 Of disobedience, calls her judgement in,
 And of two evils, determines it a sin
 More venial, by a resolute denial,
 To prove undutiful, then be disloyal
 To him whose heart a sacred vow had ty'd
 So fast to hers; and (weeping) thus repli'd:
Madam,

The angry Gods have late conspir'd to show
 The utmost their invrag'd hands could do,
 And having laid aside a'l mercy, stretch
 Their power, to make one miserable wretch;
 Whose curst and tortur'd soul must onely be
 The subject of their wrath; and I am she.
 Hard is the case! my dear desires must fail,
 My vows must crack, my plighted faith be frail;
 Or else affection must be so exil'd
 A mothers heart, that she renounce her childe.

And as she spake that word, a flowing tide
 Of tears gush't out, whose violence deny'd
 Th' intended passage of her doubling tongue:
 She stopt a while, then on the floor she flung
 Her prostrate body, while her hands did tear
 (Not knowing what they did) her dainty hair:

Sometimes she struck the ground, sometimes her brest;
 Began some words, and then wept out the rest:
 At last, her lifeless hands did, by degrees
 Raise her cast body on her feeble knees,
 And humbly rearing her sad eyes upon
 Her mothers frowning visage, thus went on.

Upon these knees, these knees that we'r were bent
 To you in vain: that never did present
 Their unrewarded duty: never rose
 Without a mothers blessing; upon those,
 Upon those naked knees I recommend
 To your dear thoughts, those torments that attend.
 Your poor Parthenia, whose unknown distress
 Craves rather death, than language to express.
 What shall I do? Demagoras and death
 Sound both alike to these sad ears; that breath
 That names the one, does nominate the other:
 No, no, I cannot love him, my dear mother.
 Command Parthenia now to undergo
 What death you please, and these quick hands shall show
 The seal of my obedience in my heart;
 The gods themselves, that have a secret art
 To force affection, cannot violate
 The laws of Nature, nor the course of Fate.
 Can earth forget her burthen, and ascend?
 Or can th' aspiring flames be taught to tend
 To th' earth? If fire descend, and earth aspire,
 Earth were no longer earth, nor fire, fire:
 Even so by nature, 'tis all one to me,
 To love Demagoras, and not to be:
 No, no, the heavens can do no act that's greater,
 Then (having made so) to preserve their creature;
 And think you that the righteous gods will fill me
 With such false joys, as (if enjoy'd) would kill me?
 I know that they are merciful, that they
 Command, they give a power to obey:
 The joyful Vision that your slumbring eyes
 If late beheld, did promise and comprise
 A fairer fortune, than the Heavens can share
 By poor Parthenias merit; whom despair

Hath swallow'd: Your prophetick dream describe
 A royal marriage; pointed out the Bride:
 Her safe deliverance; and her smiling son;
 Honor and wealth; and after all was done,
 There wants a Bridegroom: him, the heavens have seal'd
 Within my breast, by me, to be reveal'd;
 Which if your patience shall vouchsafe to bear,
 My lips shall recommend unto your ear.

When as Basilus (may whose royal hand
 Long sway the Scepter of th' Arcadian Land)
 From Cyprus brought his more then princely Bride,
 The fair Gynecia, (whom as Greece denide
 An equal; so the world acknowledg'd none
 As her superiour in perfection:)
 Upon this Ladies royal train, and state,
 A great concourse of Nobles did await,
 And Cyprian Princes, with their princely port
 To see her crown'd in the Arcadian Court:
 Illustrious Princes were they, but as far
 As midnight Phebe out-shines a twinkling star,
 So far, amongst this rout of Princes, one
 Surpass'd the rest, in honour and renown:
 Whose perfect vertue finds more admiration
 In the Arcadian Court, then imitation:
 In th' ex'lence of his outward parts, and feature,
 The world conceives, the curious hand of Nature
 Out-went it self; which being richly fraught
 And furnish'd with transcendent worth, is thought
 To be the chosen fortress for protection
 Of all the Arts, and store-house of perfection:
 The Cyprus stock did ne'r, till now bring forth
 So rare a branch, whose undervalued worth
 Brings greater glory to the Arcadian Land,
 Then can the dull Arcadians understand:
 His name is Argalus:
 He (Madam) was that Cyprus wreath, that crown'd
 My nuptial brows: and now the Bridegroom's found,
 Cloth'd in the mystery of that Cyprus wreath;
 Which, since the better gods have pleas'd to breath
 Into my son, O may I cease to be.

If ought but death part Argalus and me :
 Yet does my safe obedience not withstand
 What you desire, or what the Gods command :
 For what the Gods command is your desire
 Parthenia should obey, and not resist
 Against their sacred counsels, or withstand
 The plot wherein they have vouchsaf'd a hand.
 We must submit our wills ; that they enjoyn
 Must be ; nor lies it in your power or mine
 To cross : we must endeavor to fulfill
 What else must come to pass against our will :
 My vows are past, and second Heavens decree,
 Nothing shall part my Argalus and me.

So said : th' impatient mothers kindled eye
 (Half closed with a murderous frown) let fly
 A scorching Fire-ball, from whence was shed
 Some drops of choler, sternly shakes her head ;
 With trembling hands unlocks the door, and flees,
 Leaving Parthenia on her aching knees :
 And as she fled, her fury thus began
 To open, *And is Argalus the man ?*
 But there she stops, and striving to express
 What rage had prompted, could do nothing less.

All you whose dear affections have been tost
 In Cupids blanket, and unjustly cross'd
 By wilfull Parents, whose extreme command
 Have made you groan beneath their tyrannous hand,
 That take a furious pleasure to divorce
 Your souls from your best thoughts (nay, what is worse
 Than torture) force your fancies to respect,
 And dearly love, whom most you disaffect ;
 Draw near, and comfort the distressed heart
 Of poor Parthenia ; let your eyes impart
 One drop at least : and whoso' ere thou be
 That read'st these lines, may thy desires see
 The like success, if reading, thou forbear,
 To wet this very paper with a tear.
 Behold (poor Lady) how an hours time
 Hath pluck'd her faded Roses from their prime,

Who

Who like an unregarded ruin, lies,
With deaths untimely image in her eyes :
She, ~~she~~, whom hopeful thoughts had newly crown'd
With promis'd joyes, lies grovling on the ground;
Her weary hand, sustains her drooping head ;
(*Too soft a pillow for so hard a bed*)

Her eyes swoln up, as loth to see the light,
That would discover so forlorn a sight :
The flaxen wealth of her neglected hairs
Stick fast to her pale cheek with dried tears ;
And at first blush, she seems, as if it were
Some curious statue on a Sepulchre :
Sometimes her briny lips would whisper thus,

My Argalus, my dearest Argalus.

And then they clos'd again, as if the one
Had kist the other for that service done,
In naming *Argalus* ; sometimes oppress'd
With a deep sigh, she gave her fainting breast
A sudden stroke, and after that another,
Crying, *Hard fortune, O hard-hearted Mother !*
And sick with her own thoughts, her passion strove
Betwixt the two extreames of grief and love ;
The more she griev'd, the more her love abounded :
The more she lov'd, the more her heart was wounded
With desprate grief ; at length, the tyrannous force
Of love and grief, sent forth this self-discourse.

*How art thou chang'd (Parthenia) how hath passion
Put all thy thoughts and senses out of fashion ?
Exil'd thy little judgement, and betray'd thee ?
To thine own self ? How nothing hath it made thee ?
How is thy weather-beaten soul oppress'd
With storms and tempests blown from the North-east
Of cold despair ? which long ere this, had found
Eternal rest ; had been overwhelm'd and drown'd
In the deep gulf of all my miseries,
Had I not pumpt this water from mine eyes ;
My Argalus ; O where, O where art thou ?
Thou little think'st thy poor Parthenia, now
Is tortur'd for thy sake ; alas, (dear heart !)
Thou know'st not the insufferable smart*

I undergo for thee; thou dost not keep
 A Register of those sad tears I weep,
 No, no, thou dost not.
 Well, well; from henceforth, Fortune, do not spare
 To do the worst thy active mischief dare;
 Devise new torments, or repeat the old.
 Unill thou burst, or I complain: Be bold,
 As bitter; I disdain thy rage, thy power;
 Who's level'd with the earth; can fall no lower;
 Do, spit thy venom forth, and temper all
 Thy studied actions with the spirit of gall:
 Thy practis'd malice can no charm devise
 Too sure for Argalus to exercise:
 His love shall sweeten death, and make a torture
 My sportful pastime, to make hours shorter:
 His love shall fill my heart, and leave no room
 Where in your rage may practise Martyrdom.
 But ere that word could utter out another,
 The tender Virgins marble hearted mother
 Enters the chamber; with a chang'd aspect
 Beholds Parthenia; with a new respect
 Salutes her child, and (having clos'd the door)
 Her helpful arm removes her from the floor
 Where on she lay, and being set together,
 In gentle terms, she thus did commune with her.

Perverse Parthenia, is thy heart so sworn
 To Argalus his love, that it must scorn
 Demagoras? are your souls conjoin'd so close
 That my entreaty may not interpose?
 If so, what help? yet let a mothers care
 Be not contemn'd, that bids her child beware.
 The sickle that's too early cannot reap
 A fruitful Harvest; look before you leap.
 Adjourn your thoughts, and make a wise delay,
 You cannot measure verue in a day;
 Virtues appear, but vices bask the light;
 'Tis hard to read a dice at the first sight.
 False are those joyes that are not mixt with doubt,
 Fire easily kindled will not easily out:
 Divide his love, which he bestow'd on one,

'Tisixt two ; try both, then take the best or none :
Consult with time, for time beways, discovers.

The faith, the love, the constancy of lovers.

Alls done in haste, by leasure are repented,

And things soon past, are oft too late lamented.

With that Parthenia, rising from her place,

And bowing with incomparable grace,

Made this reply : Madam, each several day

Since first you gave this body being, may,

Write a large volume of your tender care,

Whose hourly goodness if it should compare

With my deserts, alas, the world wou'd show

Too great a sum for one poor heart to owe.

I must confess my heart is not so sworn

To Argalus his merit, as to scorn

Demagoras ; nor yet so loosely tide,

That I can slip the knot, and so divide

Entire affection, which must not be sever'd,

Nor ever can be (but in vain) endeavor'd :

My heart is one, and by one power guided :

One is no number, cannot be divided :

And Cupids learned Schoolmen have resolv'd

That love divided is but love dissolv'd :

But yet, what plighted faith and honour may

Not now undo, your counsel shall delay.

Madam, Partheniaes hand is not so greedy

To reap her corn, before her corn be ready :

Her unadvised Sickle shall not thrust

Into her hopeful Harvest ere needs must :

To yours, Parthenia shall submit her skill,

Whose season shall be season'd by your will :

Her time of harvest shall admit no measure,

But onely what's proportion'd by your pleasure.

So ended she ; but till that darkness got

The mastery of the light, they parted not :

The mother pleads for the Laconian Lord ;

The daughter (whose impatience had abhorr'd

His very name, had not her mother spok't)

She pleads her vow, which cannot be revok't :

Yet

Yet still the Mother pleads, and does omit
 No way untry'd, that a hard hearted wit
 Knows to devise: perswades, allures, intreats,
 Mingles her words with smiles, with tears, with threats
 Commands, conjures, tries one way, tries another,
 Does th' utmost that a marble-breasted mother
 Can do; and yet the more she did apply,
 The more she taught *Parthenia* to deny;
 The more she did assault, the more contend,
 The more she taught the Virgin to defend.
 At last, despairing (for her words did find
 More hopes to move a mountain than her mind)
 She spake no more: but from her chair she started,
 And spit these words, *Go peevish Girle*, and parted:
 Away she flings, and finding no success
 In her lost words, her fury did address
 Her raging thoughts to a new studied plot:
 Actions must now enforce what words could not,
 Treason is in her thoughts: her furious breath
 Can whisper now no language under death:
 Poor *Argalus* must die, and his remove
 Must make the passage to *Demagoras* love;
 And till that bar be broken, or put by,
 No hope to speed; poor *Argalus* must die.
Demagoras is call'd to counsel now,
 Consults, consents, and after mutual vow,
 Resolving on the act, they both conspire
 Which way to execute their close desire:
 Drawing his keen *Steeletto* from his side,
Madam (said he) *this medicine well applide*
To Argalus his bosom will give rest
To him, and me; the sudden way is best.
My Lord; your trembling hand (said she) *may mist*
The mark, and then your self in danger is
Of out-cry, or perchance his own resistance;
Attempts are dangerous at so smal a distance;
A Drug's the better weapon, which does breath
Deaths secret errand, carries sudden death
Clos'd up in sweetness: Come, a Drug strikes sure,
And works our ends, and yet we sleep secure.

*My Lord, bestink no other ; set your rest
Upon these Cards, the surest way is best,
Leave me to manage our successful plot,
And if these studious brows contrive it not
Too sure for art of Magick to prevent,
Ne'r trust a womans wit when jolly bent
To take revenge ; Be gone, my Lord, Repose
The trust in me ; one'y be wise, be close*

*That night, when as the univerial shade
Of the unipangled Heaven, and Earth had made
An utter darkness ; (darkness apt to further
The horrid enterprize of rapes and murther)
She, she, that now lacks nothing to procure
A full revenge, she calls Athleia to her,
(Partheniaes Hand-maid) whom she thus bespake.*

*Athleia, dare thy private thoughts partake
With mine ? Canst thou be secret ? Has thy heart
A lock, that none can pick by theevisb art,
Or break by force ? tell me, canst thou digest
A secret, trusted to thy faithful breast ?*

*Madam (said she) Let me be never true
To my own thoughts, if ever false to you :
Speak what you please ; Athleia shall conceal ;
Torments may make me roar, but ne'r reveal.*

*Repli'd the Lady then ; Athleia knows
How much, how much my dear affection owes
Partheniaes heart, whose welfare is the crown
Of all my joyes which now is overthrown,
And deeply buried in forgotten dust,
If thou betray the secret of my trust ;
It lieth in thy power to remove
Approaching evils ; Parthenia is in love,
Her wasted spirits languish in her breast,
And naught, but look'd for death, can give her rest :
'Tis Argalus she loves, who with disdain
Requites her love, no t loving her again ;
He slights her tears ; the more that he neglects,
The more intirely she (poor soul) affects :
She groans beneath the burthen of despair,
And with her sighs she cloyes the idle air.*

Thou art acquainted with her private fears,
 And you, so oft exchanging tongues and tears,
 Must know too much for one poor heart t' endure;
 But desperat's the wound admits no cure:
 It lies in thee to help? Athiela, say,
 Wilt thou assist me, if I find the way.

Madam, My forced ignorance shall be
 Sufficient earnest for my secrecie:
 Your lips have utter'd nothing that is new
 To Athiela's ears; alas, it is too true:
 Long, long ere this, your servant had reveal'd
 The same to you, had not these lips been seal'd:
 But if my best endeavors may extend
 To bring my Ladies sorrows to an end:
 Let all the enraged Dieties allot
 To me worse torment, if I do it not;
 My life's too poor to hazard for her ease;
 Madam, Ile do't, Command me what you please.
 So said; the treacherous Lady stept aside,
 Into her serious Closet; and appli'd
 Her hasty, and perfidious hands to frame
 This forged Letter, in Partheniaes name.

To her faithful Argalus.

Although the malice of a mother
 Does yet enforce my tongue to smother
 What my desire is, should flame;
 Yet Parthenia's the same.
 Although my fire be hid a while,
 'Tis but fire slak'd with oyl;
 Before seven Suns shall rise and fall,
 It shall burn and blaze withall.
 What I send thee drink with speed,
 Else let my Argalus take heed;
 Unless thy providence withstand,
 There is treason near at hand:
 Drink as thou lov'st me, and it shall secure thee
 From future dangers, or from past, secure thee.
 Thy constant Parthenia.

This

This done, and seal'd, she op'd her private door,
 Call'd in *Athleia*, and said, For every sore
 The gods provide a salve; force must prevail
 Where sighs and tears, and deep intreaties fail.
 Forthwith, from out her Cabinet she took
 A little glass, and said, *Athleia*, look,
 Within these slender walls, these glazed lists,
Parthenia's happiness, and life consists;
 It is *Nepenthe*; which the factions gods
 Do use to drink, when ere they be at odds;
 Whose secret virtue (so insas'd by Jove)
 Does turn deep hatred, into dearest love;
 It makes the proudest lover whine and bawl,
 And such to dote, as never lov'd at all:
 Here take this glass, and recommend the same
 To *Argalus* in his *Parthenia's* name,
 And to his hand, to his own hand commit
 This Letter; between *Argalus* and it
 Let no eye come; Be sure thy speed prevent
 The rising Sun; and so heavens crown th' event.

By this the feather'd Belman of the night
 Sent forth his midnight summons, to invite
 All eyes to slumber; when they both address
 Their thoughtful minds, to take a doubtful rest,

O Heavens! and you, O you celestial powers,
 That never slumber, but employ all hours
 In mans protection; still preserving, keeping
 Our souls from obvious dangers, waking, sleeping.
 O, can your all-discerning eyes behold
 Such impious actions prosper uncontrol'd?

O can your hearts, your tender hearts endure
 To see your servant (that now sleeps secure,
 Unarm'd, unarm'd, and having no defence,
 But your protection, and his innocence)

Erray'd and murder'd, drawing at one breath
 His own prepar'd destruction, his own death?
 And will ye suffer't? he that is the crown
 Of priz'd virtue, honour, and renown;
 The flower of *Arts*; the Cyprian living story;
Arcadia's Garland, and great *Greece's* glory?

The earths new wonder, and the worlds example,
 Must die betray'd ; reason and death must trample
 Upon his life ; and in the dust must lie
 As much admir'd perfection as can die.
 No, Argalus, the coward hand of death
 Durst ne'r assault thee, if not underneath
 The mask of love : thou art above the reach
 Of open wrongs ; mans force could ne'r make breach
 Into thy life : no, Death could ne'r uncase
 Thy soul, had she appeared face to face.
 Dream Argalus, and let thy thoughts be troubled ;
 With murders, treasons, let thy dreams be doubled :
 And what thy frighted fancy shall perceive,
 Be wisely superstitious, and believe.
 O, that my lines could wake thee now, and sever
 Those eye-lids, that ere long must sleep for ever :
 Wake now or never Argalus, and withstand
 Thy danger : wake, the murderers is at hand.
 Parthenia, O Parthenia, who shall weep
 Thy world of tears ? canst thou, O canst thou sleep ?
 Will thy dull Genius give thee leave to slumber ?
 Does nothing trouble thee ? no dream incumber
 Thy frighted thoughts, and Argalus so near
 His latest bower ? Not one dreaming tear ?
 Sleep on ; and when thy flattering slumber's past,
 Perchance thine eyes will learn to weep as fast :
 His death is plotted ; and this morning light
 Must send him down, into eternal night.
 Nay, what is worse then worst ; his dying breath
 Will censure thee as Agent in his death.

By this the broad-fac'd Quirister of night
 Surceas'd her screeching note, and took her flight
 To the next neighboring Ivy : birds and beasts
 Forsake the warm protection of their nests,
 And nightly dens, whilst darkness did display
 Her sable curtains to let in the day ;
 When sad Athleia's dream had unbenighted
 Her slumbering eies, her busie thoughts were fright
 She rose, and trembled ; and being half distraught
 With her prophetick fears she thus bethought.

What ails the Gods thus to disturb my rest,
And make such earth-quakes in my troubled breast?
Sinking but deaths, and murders? Graves and Bells,
Frightning my fancy, with their hourly knells?
Twas nothing but a dream; and dreams they say
Expound themselves the clean contrary way;
The riddle's read, and now I understand
My dreams intents; Some Marriage is at hand:
For death interpreted, is nothing else
But Marriage; and the melancholly Bells
A merriment and musick: By the grave, is read
The joyful, joyful, joyful marriage-bed.
It is plain; and now, methinks 'twas I
That my prophetick dream foretold should die,
If this be death, Death exercise thy power,
And let Athleia die within this hour:
Do, do thy worst, Athleia's faithful breath
Shall pray for nothing more then sudden death.
But stay, Athleia, the too forward day
Begins to gild the East; away, away.

So having said, the nimble fingered Lass
Took the forg'd Letter, and the amorous glass:
And to her early progress she applies her,
Departs, and towards Argalus she hies her;
But every step she took, her mind enforc'd
New thoughts, and with her self she thus discours'd:

How frail's the nature of a woman's will!
How cross! the thing that's most forbidden, still
They more desire; and least inclin'd to do
What they are most of all perswaded to:
Had not (alas) my Lady bound these hands,
Athleia ne'r had struggled with her bands:
I must not taste it! had she not enjoyn'd
My lips from tasting it, Athleia's minde
Had never thought on't; now methinks I long;
Desire, if once confin'd, become too strong
For woman's conquer'd reason to resist:
For woman's reason's measur'd by her list:
Long to taste, yet was there nothing did
Love my desire, but that I was forbid.

With

With that she staid her weary steps, and hasted
T'untie the glais; lift up her arm, and tasted:
That done (and having now attain'd, almost,
Her journeys end) the little time she lost,
New speed regains: The nimble ground she tra-
With double hast, and quick redoubled paces,
All on a sudden she begins to faint:
Her bowels gripe, her breath begins to taint:
Her blistered tongue grows hot, her liver glows,
Her veins do boil, her colour comes and goes,
She staggers, falls, and on the ground she lies:
Swells like a bladder, roars, and bursts, and dies.

Thus from her ruin *Argalus* derives
His longer life, and by her death he lives;
Live *Argalus*, and let the gods allot
Such morning draughts, to those that love thee not
Live long, and let the righteous powers above,
That hath preserv'd thee for *Partheniaes* love,
Crown all thy hopes and fortunes with event,
Too sure, for second treasons to prevent.
By this time did the lavish breath of Fame
Give language to her Trumpet, and proclame
Ableiaes death, the current of which news
Truths warrant, had forbidden to abuse
Deceived ears: which when the Lady heard,
Whose treacherous heart was greedily prepar'd
To entertain a murder, she arose
And with rude violence desperately throws
Her trembling body on the naked floor,
But what she said, and did, I will deplore,
Not utter; but with forced silence smother,
Because she was the fair *Partheniaes* mother:
May it suffice, that the extreams of shame,
And unresisted sorrow overcame
Her disappointed malice, less lamenting
The treason, than success; and more repenting
Of what she fail'd to do, then what she did,
Her sullen soul despairs; her thoughts forbid
What reason wants the power to perswade;
And griefs being grown too deep for her to wade,

sinks; and with an hollow sigh she cri'd,
 Come thou easer of all evils, and di'd.
 Now tongues begin to walk; and every ear
 hath got the *Satyras* to hear
 this Tragick Scene; the breath of *Fame* grows bold,
 no repulse, and scorns to be control'd:
 whilst loud report, (whose tender lips, before,
 but onely whisper, now begins to roar;
 the Letter found in dead *Ableiaes* brest,
 unrav'd the plot, and what (before) was guest
 now confirm'd and clear'd; for all men knew
 whose hand it was, and whence the malice grew;
 but have we lost *Parthenia*? in what Isle
 endless sorrow lurks she all this while?
 yet Reader, urge me not to tell, for fear
 my heart dissolve, and melt into a tear:
 use my silence: if my lines should speak,
 as marble hearts, as could not melt, would break,
 leave her to her self, it is not fit
 to write, what being read, you'd wish unwrit:
 leave this task to those, that take delight
 to see poor Ladies tortur'd in despite
 all remorse; whose hearts are still at strife
 to paint a torment to the very life;
 leave that task to such, as have the power
 to weep and smile again within an hour:
 those whose flinty hearts are more contented
 with a grief, then pity the tormented:
 'tis suffice, that had not Heaven protected
Argalus, the joy whereof corrected
 a furious grief, which passion recommended
 her sad thoughts, her story here had ended.
 When time (the enemy of *Fame*) had clos'd
 babbling lips, and gently had compos'd
Ableiaes sorrows, raising from the ground
 a body spent with grief, and almost drown'd
 her own tears, a long expected Scean
 better fortune enters in, to drean
 in marish eyes: her stormy night of tears
 is past, a welcome day of joy appears

The

The rock's remov'd, and loves wide Ocean now
Gives room enough ; looks with a milder brow.
Reader, forget thy sorrows ; Let thine ear
Welcome the tidings thou so long'st to hear ;
A lovers diet's sweet commixt with soure ;
His Hel and Heaven oft times divides an hour

Now *Argalus* can finde a fair access
To his *Parthenia* ; now fears nothing less

Then ears and eyes ; and now *Parthenia's* heart
Can give her tongue the freedom to impart
His louder welcome, whilst her greedy eye
Can look her fill, and fear no standers by ;

She's not *Parthenia*, he not present with her ;
And he not *Argalus*, if not together ;

Their cheeks are fill'd with smiles ; their tongue wit
Now, this they make their subject ; and now that
One while they laugh, and laughing, wrangle too,
And jar as zealous lovers use to do.

And then a kiss must make them friends again ;
Faith, ones too little ; Lovers must have twain,

Two brings in ten, ten multiplies to twenty,

That, to a hundred : then because the plenty
Grows troublesom to count, and does incumber

Their lips, their lips gave kisses without number ;

Their thoughts run back to former times ; they toll
Of all loves passages they had of old.

Of this thing done, the time, the place, and why ;

The manner how, and who were present by ;

The mothers craft, her undeceiv'd suspicion ;

Her baited words, her marble disposition ;

His pining thoughts, and her projecting fears ;

His soliloquies, and her secret tears ;

Where first they met, th' occasion of their meeting

Their complement, the manner of their greeting ;

His danger, his deliverance, and the reason

That first induc'd the Agents to the treason.

Thus by the privilege of time and leisure

Their sweet discourses (crown'd with mutual plea

Commixt with grief) they equal with the light,

And after grumble at the envious night,

Which

Which bids them part too soon ; what day deny'd
 words, in thoughts the tedious night supply'd,
 which blam'd the *Fates* for doing Lovers wrong,
 make the day so short, the night so long.
 But now the little winged God repented
 that he had laugh'd so much, his heart relented,
 his very soul grew sad, his blinded eye
 began to weep at his own tyranny ;
 moments their sorrows, finds a secret way,
 to make the night as pleasing as the day ;
 calls *Hymen* in, and in his ear discovers
 the lingering torments of these wounded Lovers ;
 gives him a charge no longer to defer,
 to ingross their names within his Register.
 And now *Partheniaes* harvest draweth near ;
 The dearly purchas'd price of many a tear)
 Her joy shall reap, what a world of grief hath sown:
 The time's appointed, and the day's set down,
 wherein sweet *Hymen*, with his Nuptial bands,
 shall joyn together their espoused hands.
 Here stop my Muse ; retire thy self and stay,
 to gather breath against the *Marriage-day*.

*Readers, the joyful Bride salutes ye all,
 In her behalf, if any have let fall
 A tender tear, to those she makes request,
 That they'l be pleas'd to grace her Marriage Feast.*

Argalus

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Argalus and Parthenia.

The second Book.

Sail gentle *Pinace* : Now the Heavens are clear,
The winds blow fair ; behold the Harbor's near,
Tridented *Neptune* hath forgot to frown,
The Rocks are past ; the storm is over-blown.

Up weather-beaten voyagers, and rouse ye,
For sake your loathed *Cabbins* ; up and louze ye
Upon the open Decks, and smell the Land.
Chear up, the welcome shore is nigh at hand.
Sail gentle *Pinace*, with a prosperous gale,
To th' Ile of *Peace*. Sail, gentle *Pinace*, sail ;
Fortune conduct thee. Let thy Keel divide
The Silver streams, that thou maist safely slide
Into the bosom of thy quiet Key,
And quit thee fairly of th'injurions *Sea*.

Great *Sea-born Queen*, thy birth-right gives thee power
To assist poor *Suppliants*, grant one happy hour.

O, let these wounded *Lovers* be possesst,
At length, of their so long desired rest.

Now, now the joyful marriage day draws on ;
The *Bride* is busie, and the *Bridegroom's* gone
To call his fellow *Princes* to the Feast :

The *Garland's* made ; the *Bridal Chamber's* drest ;

The *Muses* have consulted with the *Graces*,
To crown the day, and honor their embraces

With shadow'd *Epithalms* ; their warbling tongues
 Are perfect in their new made *Lyrick* songs :
Hymen begins to grumble at delay,
 And *Bacchus* laughs to think upon the day ;
 The Virgin-tapers, and what other rights
 Do appertain to *Nuptial* delights
 Are all prepar'd, whereby may be exprest
 The joyful triumph of this marriage Feast.

But stay ! Who lends me now an Iron Pen,
 T'engrave within the Marble hearts of men
 A Tragick Scean ; which who so'er shall read,
 His eyes may spare to weep, and learn to bleed
 Carnatian tears ; if time shall not allow
 His death-prevented eyes to weep enow,
 Then let his dying language recommend
 What's left to his posterity to end.

Thou saddest of all Muses, come, afford
Thy studious help, that each confounding word
May rend a heart (at least) that every line
May pickle up a Kingdom in the brine
Of her own tears : O teach me how t'extract
The spirit of grief, whose vir:ue may distract
Those Breasts, which sorrow knows not how to kill,
Inspire, O inspire my melting Quill ;
And like sad Niobe, let every one
That cannot melt, be turn'd into a stone :
Teach me to paint an oft-repeated sigh
So to the life, that who so'er be nigh,
May bear it breathe, and learn to do the like
By imitation, till true passion strike
Their bleeding hearts : Let such as shall rehearse
This story, how like Irish at a hearse.

Th'event still crowns the act : Let no man say,
 Before the evening's come, 'tis a fair day.

For when the *Kalends* of this bridal Feast
 Were entred in, and every longing Breast
 Waxt great with expectation, and all eyes
 (Prepar'd for entertaining novelties)
 Were grown impatient now, to be suffic'd
 With that, which *Art* and *Honor* had devis'd

T'adorn

T'adorn the times withal, and to display
Their bounty, and the glory of that day,
The rare *Parthenia*, taking sweet occasion
To bless her busie thoughts, with contemplation
Of absent *Argalus*, whose too long stay
Made minutes seem as days, and every day
A measur'd age : Into her secret bower
Betook her weary steps, where every hour
Her greedy ears expect to hear the sum
Of all her hopes, that *Argalus* is come.
She hopes, she fears at once ; and still she muses
What makes him stay so long ; she chides, excuses :
She questions, answers, and she makes reply,
And talks, as if her *Argalus* were by.
*Why com'st thou not ? Can Argalus forget
His languishing Parthenia ? What not yet ?*
But as she spake that word, she heard a noise,
Which seem'd, as if it were the whispering voice
Of close conspiracy : She began to fear
She knew not what, till her deceived ear
(Instructed by her hopes) had singled out
The voice of *Argalus* from all the rout ;
Whose steps (as she supposed) did prepare,
By stealth to seize upon her unaware ;
She gave advantage to the th'iving plot,
Hearing the noise, as if she heard it not :
Like as yong Doves, (which ne'r had yet forsaken
The warm protection of their nest, or taken
Upon themselves, a self-providing care,
To shift for food, but with paternal fare
Grow fat and plump) think every noise they hear,
Their snll cropt parents are at hand to chear
Their craving stomachs, whilst th'impatient fift
Of the false Cater, rising where it list,
In every hole, surprises them, and sheds
Their guiltless blood, and parts their gasping heads
From their vain-strugling bodies ; so, even so,
Our poor deceiv'd *Parthenia*, (that did ow
Too much to her own hopes) the whilst her eyes
Were set to welcome the unvalued prize

Of all her joys, her dearest *Argalus*,
Slept in *Demagoras*, and salutes her thus.

Base Trull, *Demagoras* comes to let thee see,
How much he scorns thy painted face, and thee :
Foul Sorceress ! could thy prosperous actions think
To scape revenge, because the gods did wink
At thy designs ? Think'st thou thy Mothers blood
Cries in a language, not to be understood ?
Hadst thou no closer stratagem, to further
Thy pamper'd lust, but by the savage murder
Of thine own aged parent, whose sad death
Must give a freedom to the whiff'ring breath
Of thy enjoy'd Adulterer ? Who (they say)
Will cloak thy Whoredom with a marriage day.
Nay struggle not, here's none that can relieve
Such pounded beasts ; it is in vain to strive,
Or roar for help ; Why dost not rather weep
That I may laugh ? Perchance, if thou wilt creep
Upon thy wanton belly and confess
Thy self a true repentant Murtheress,
My sinful Page may play the fool, and gather
Thy early fruit into his barn, and sather
The new got Cyprian bastard, if that he
Be half so wise, that got it, but to flee.
Hah ! dost thou weep ? or do false mists but mock
Abused eyes ? from so obdure a rock
Can water flow ? Weeping will make thee fair ;
Weep till thy marriage day ; that who repair
To grace thy feast, may fall a weeping too,
And, in a mirror, see what tears can do.
Vile Strumpet ! Did thy flattering thoughts ere wrong
Thy judgment so ; to think, *Demagoras* tongue
Cou'd so defile his honor, as to sue
For serious love ? so base a thing as you
(Me thinks) should rather fix your wanton eyes
Upon some easie groom, that hopes to rise
Into his Masters savor for your sake.
I, this had been preferment, like to make
A hopeful fortune ; thou presumptuous trash !
What was my courtship, but the minutes dash

*Of youthful passion, to allay the dust
Of my desires, and exuberant lust?
I scorn thee to the Soul, and here I stand
Bound for revenge, whereio I set my hand.*

With that, he grip'd her rudely by the fair
And bounteous treasure of her Nymph-like hair :
And, by it, drag'd her on the dusty floor :
He stopt her mouth, for fear she should implore
An aid from Heaven : she swooning in the place,
His salvage hands besmear'd her lifeless face
With horrid poyson, thinking she was dead,
He left her breathless, and away he fled.

*Come, come ye Furies, you malignant spirits,
Infernal Harpies, or what else, inherit
The Land of darkness ; you that still converse
With damned Souls ; you, you that can rehearse
The horrid facts of Villains, and can tell
How every Hell bound locks, that roars in Hell,
Survey them all ; and, then, inform my Ren,
To draw in one, the Monster of all men :
Teach me to limb a Villain, and to paint,
With dextrous art, the basest Sycophant
That ere the mouth of insolent disdain
Vouchsaf'd to spit upon ; the putrid blain
Of all diseased humors, fit for none
But dogs to lift their hasty legs upon :
So clear mens eyes, that n'oso'er shall see
The type of baseness, may cry, This is he :
Let his reproach be a perpetual blot
In Honors book : Let his remembrance rot
In all good minds : Let none but Villains call
His bug-bear name to memory, wherewithal
To fright their bawlings bastards : Let no spell
Be found more potent, to prevail in Hell,
Than the nine Letters of his Charm-like name :
Which, let our bashful Christ-cross now disclaim
To the worlds end, not worthy to be set
In any but the Jewish Alphabet.*

But hark ! am I deceiv'd ; or do I hear
The voice of *Argalus* sounding in mine ear ?

He calls *Parthenia* : No, that tongue can be
 No counterfeit ; he's come, 'tis he, 'tis he.
 Welcome too late, thou art now come too soon :
 Hadst thou been here, this deed had ne'r been done.
 Alas ! when lovers linger, and out-go
 Their promis'd date, they know not what they do :
 Men fondly say, that women are too fond
 At parting ; to require so strict a bond
 For quick return : Poor souls ! 'tis they endure
 Oft-times the danger of the forfeiture .
 I blame them not ; for mischief still attends
 Upon the too long absence of true friends.

Well, *Argalus* is come, and seeks at once
 In every room to finde *Parthenia* out :
 He asks, inquires, but all lips are sparing
 To be the authors of ill news, not daring
 To speak the truth ; they all amazed stand :
 And now my Lord's as fearful to demand ;
 Dares not enquire her health, lest his sad ear
 Should hear such words, as he's afraid to hear :
 All lips are bolted with a linnen bar,
 And every eye does, like a blazing star,
 Portend some evil ; no language findes a leak ;
 The less they speak, the more he fears to speak.
 Faces grow sad, and every private ear
 Is turn'd a *Closet* for the whisperer :
 He walks the room ; and like an unknown stranger,
 They eye him ; from each eye, he picks a danger.
 At last his lips not daring t' importune
 What none dare tell him, unexpected Fortune
 Leads his rash steps into a dark'ned room,
 A place more black than night ; no sooner come,
 But he was welcom'd with a sigh, as deep,
 As a spent heart can give ; he heard one weep,
 And by the noise of groans and sobs, was led
 (Having no other guide) to the sad bed.

Who is t (said he) *that calls untimely night*
To hide those griefs that thus abjure the light ?
 With that, as if her heart had rent in two,
 She past a sigh, and said, *O ask not who.*

Book 2. *Argalus and Parthenia.* 47

Urge not my tongue to make a forc'd reply
To your demand : Alas ! it is not I.

Not I (said he) what language do I here ?
Darkness may stop mine eye, but not mine ear :
It is my dear Parthenia's voice, ah me !
And can Parthenia, not Parthenia be ?
What means this word, (Alas it is not I !)
What sudden ill hath taught thee to deny
Thy self ? or what can Argalus then claim,
If his Parthenia be not the same
She was ? Alas, it seems to me all one
To say, Thou art not hers, that's not her own.
Can Hills forget their pond'rous bulk, and flie
Like wandring Atoms, in the empty skie ?
Or can the Heavens (grown idle) not fulfil
Their certain revolutions, but stand still,
And leave their constant motion for the wind
T'inherit ? Can Parthenia change her minde ?
Heav'n sooner shall stand still, and Earth remove,
Ere my Parthenia falsifie her love :

Unfold thy Riddle then, and tell me, why
Those lips should say, (Alas ! it is not I.)
Whereto she thus reply'd, O do not thou
So wrong thy noble thoughts, as once t'allow,
That curst name a room within thy Brest,
Let not so foul a prodigy be blest
With thy lost breath : Let it be held a sin,
Too great for pardon, ere to name't agen,
Let darkness hide it in eternal night ;
May it be clad with horror to affright
A desprate Conscience : He that knows not how
To mouth a curse, O let him practise now
Upon this name : Let him that would contract
The body of all mischief, or extract
The quint'essence of a sorrow, onely claim
A secret Privilege to use that name.
Far be it from thy Language, to commit
So foul a sin, as once to mention it.
Live happy Arg'lus ; do not thou partake
In these my miseries : O forbear to make

My burden greater, by thy tender sorrow :
 Alas, my heart is strong, and needs not borrow
 Thy needless help ; O be thou not so cruel,
 To feed my flaming fires with thy fuel :
 Why dost thou sigh ? O wherefore should thy heart
 Usurp my Stage, and all Parthenia's part ?
 It is my proper task : What dost thou mean,
 Without my Licence, to intrude my Scene ?
 Alas ! thy sorrows ease not my distress ;
 God knows, I weep not one poor tear the less :
 My Patent's sign'd and past, whereby appears
 That I have got the Monopoly of tears.
 In me let each mans torment finde an end ;
 I am that Sea, to which all Rivers tend :
 I & all spent mourners, that can weep no more,
 Take tears on trust, and set them on my score
 And as she spake that word, his heart not able
 To hear a language so unsufferable,
 But being swoln so big, must either break,
 Or vent, his conquer'd Reason grew too weak
 To oppose his quickened Passion (like a man
 Transported from himself) he thus began.

Accursed Darknes ! Thou sad type of death !
 Infernal Hag, whose dwelling is beneath !
 What means thy boldness to usurp this room,
 And force a night, before the night be come :
 Get, get thee down, and keep within thy lists ;
 Go revel there ; and hurl thy hideous mists
 Before those cursed eyes, that take delight
 In utter darkness, and abhor the light ;
 Return thee to thy Dungeon, whence thou came,
 And hide those faces, whose infernal flame
 Calls for more darkness, and whose tortur'd souls
 Crave the protection of th obscurest holes,
 To scape some lashes, and avoid those strict
 And horrid plagues, the Furies do inflict :
 But if thou needs must ramble here, above ;
 Go to some other Climate, and remove
 Thy ugly presence from our darkned eyes,
 That hate thy tyranny : Go exercise

Thy power in Groves, and solitary Springs,
Where Bats are subjects, and where Owls are Kings:
Go to the Graves, and fill those empty rooms,
That such as slumber in their silent tombs
May bless thy welcome shades, and lie possess'd
Of undisturbed and eternal rest:
Or if thy more ambitious fogs desire
To haunt the living, haste thee, and retire
Into some Cloyster, and there stand between
The light, and those that fain would sin, unseen;
Assist them there; and let thy ugly shapes,
Countenance close treasons, and incestuous rapes:
Benight those rooms; add aid all such as fear
The eye of Heaven: Go, close thy Curtains there;
We need thee not, (foul Witch) away, away;
Thou bid'st more beauty than the noon of day
Can give: O thou, that hast so rudely hurl'd
On this dark Bed the Glory of the world.

So said, abruptly he the room departs,
His Cheeks look pale, his curled Hair upstarts
Like Quills of Porcupines, and from his eye
Quick flashes like the flames of lightning flie:
He calls for light; the light no sooner come,
But his own hand conveys it to the room
From whence he came, and as he entred in
He blest himself; he blest himself again,
Thrice did he bless himself, and after said,

Foul Witch be gone, and let thy dismal shade,
Forsake this place: Let thy dark fogs obey
Great Vulcans charge; in Vulcans name, away:
Or if thy stout rebellion shall disclaim
His sovereignty, in my Partheniaes name
I charm thee hence. And as that word flew out,
He stept to that sad Bed, where round about,
Clos'd were the Curtains, as if darkness did
Command that such a Jewel should be hid:
His left hand held the Taper, and his right
Enforc'd the Curtains, to absolve the light:
Which done, appear'd before his wondring eye:
The truest portrait of deformity,

As ere the Sun beheld ; that lovely face
 That was of late the Model of all Grace
 And Peerle's Beauty, whose imperious eyes
 Ravisht where ere they look'd, and did surprize
 The very Souls of men ; she, she, of whom
 Nature her self was proud, is now become
 So loath'd an object, so deform'd, disguis'd,
 As darkness, for mans sake, was well advis'd
 To cloath in Mists, lest any were incited
 To see that face, and so depart affrighted.
 All this when *Argalus* beheld, and found
 It was no dream, he fell upon the ground,
 And rav'd, and rose again, stood still, and gaz'd ;
 At first he startled, then he stood amaz'd :
 Looks now upon the light, and now on her,
 One while his tired fancy does refer
 His thoughts to silence ; as his thoughts increase,
 His passion strives for vent, and breaks that peace
 Which conquer'd Reason had of late concluded,
 And thus began : *Are these false eyes deluded ?
 Or have enchanted Mists slept in between
 My abused eyes, and what my eyes have seen ?
 No, mischief cannot act so fair a part,
 T'assure me in jest ; it goes beyond the art
 Of all black Books, to mask with such disguise
 So sweet a face ; I know that these are eyes,
 And this a light. False Mists could never be
 Betwixt my poor Parthenia, and me.*

*A cursed Tapor ! What infernal-spright
 Breath'd in thy face ? What fury gave thee light ?
 Thou Imp of Phlegeton ; who let thee in
 To force a day, before the day begin ?
 Who brought thee hither ? I ? Did I ? From whom,
 What lean-chapt fury did I snatch thee from ?
 When as this cursed hand did go about
 To bring thee in, why went not these eyes out ?
 Be all such Tapers cursed for thy sake ;
 Ne'r shine, but at some Vigil, or sad Wake ?
 Be never seen, but when as sorrow calls
 Thy needful help to nightly Funerals.*

Be at a May game for th' amazed Bat
To sport about ; and Owls to wonder at :
Still haunt the Chancels at a mid-night knell,
To fright the Sexton from his Passing-bell.
Give light to none but treasons, and be hid
In their dark Lanthorns : Let all mirib forbid
Thy treacherous flames the room ; and if that none
Shall daign to put thee out, go out alone.
Attend some Misers table, and then waste
Too soon, that he may curse thee for thy haste ;
Burn dim for ever : Let that flar'ring light
Thou feed'st, consume thy stock ; be banisht quite
From Cupids Court ; when lovers go about
Their stillen pleasures, let your flames go out :
Henceforth be useful to no other end,
But onely to burn day-light, or attend
The midnight cups of such as shall resign
With usury their undigested wine.

Why dost thou burn so clear ? Alas ! these eyes
Discern too much ; thy wanton b'aze do b'rise
Too high a pitch ; thou burnst too bright for such
As see no comfort : O thou spin'st too much,
Why dost thou vex me ? Is thy flame so stout
To endure my breath ? this breath shall puff thee out :
Thus, thus my joys are quite extinguishd, never
To be reviv'd : Thus gone, thus gone for ever.

With that, tran ported with a furious haste,
He blew it out ; but mark, that very blast
(As if it meant on purpose, to disclaim
His desp'rate thoughts) reviv'd th'extinguishd flame.
He stands amaz'd ; and, having mus'd a while,
Beholds the Tapor, and begins to smile.

And can the Gods themselves (said he) contrive
A way for hope ? Can my past joys revive,
Like this rekindled fire ? if they do,
I'll curse my lips (brigh Lamp) for cursing you.
Eternal Fates ! deal fairly, dally not ;
If your hid bounties have reserv'd a lot
Beyond my wained hope be it exprest
In open view ; make haste, and do your best :

But if your Justice be determin'd so
To exercise your vengeance on my woe,
Strengthen not what at length you mean to burst;
Strike home beimes; dispatch, and do your worst:
That burthen is too great for him to bear,
That's evenly poised betwixt hope and fear.

And there he stopt; as fearing to molest
The silent peace of her dissembled rest.
He gaz'd upon her; stood as in a trance:
Sometimes her lifeless hand he would advance
To his sad lips; then steal it down agen:
Sometimes, a tear would fall upon't, and then
A sigh must dry it; every kiss did bear
A sigh, and every sigh begat a tear:
He kist, he sigh'd, he wept, and, for a space,
He fixt his eye upon her wounded face,
And in a whispering language, he disbur's'd
His various thoughts; thus, with himself discours'd.

And were the Sun beams of those eyes too fierce
For mortal view? Or did those fires disperse
Flames too consuming for th' amaz'd beholder?
Or did thy youth make reason e'er the bolder
To stain that brow; and by a mtd right theft,
To steal more beauty than the day had left?

Or did that blinde, that childish God descry
A kinde of twilight from that heavenly eye,
Which, over-bright, he sought to make more dim.
By blurring that, which else had blasted him?

Or did the Sea-born Goddess Queen repine
To see her Star out-shone so much by thine;
And fill'd with rage, and envious dispiht,
Sent down a cloud t' eclipse so fair a light?

Or did the wiser Deities foresee
This likely danger; that when men should see
So bright a Lamp; fearing they shou'd commit
Such sweet idolatry, benighted it?

Or did the too too careful Gods conspire
A good for man, transcending mans desire,
And knowing such an eye too bright for any,
Gave it a wound, lest it should wound too many?

If so they meant, they might have been more kinde
To save that beauty, and have struck us blinde.

Before the sound of his last breath was gone
(Her speech being marshal'd with a powerful groan
Through the rude confluence, and amazed throng
Of her distracted thoughts) her feeble tongue
Wept forth these words: Thus fleet, thus transitory
Is mans delight, and all that painted glory,
Poor Earth can give; nor wealth, nor blood, nor beauty,
Can quit the debt, that necessary duty
They owe to Change and Time; but like a flowre,
They flourish now, and fade within an hower:
The world's compos'd of change, there's nothing stayer
At the same point, all alters, all decays:
The world is like a Play, where every age
Concludes her Scene, and so departs the stage;
And when Times hasty tower-glass is run,
Change strikes the Epilogue, and all the play is done.
Who sits the King to day, by chance of lot,
Perchance to morrow begs, and blushes not;
Whose beauty was ador'd o'r night, next morning
May finde a fa'e, like mine, not worth the scorning:
Look where we list there's nothing to the eye
Seems truly constant, but Inconstancy.

Most dear Parthenia, (Argalus repli'd)
Had thy deceived eye but slept aside,
And look'd upon thy Argalus his brest;
I know, I know, thy Language had profess'd
Another Faith; thy Lips had ne'r let flie,
At unawares, so great an Heresie:
'Tis not the change of favor, that can change
My heart; nor Time, nor Fortune can estrange
My best affections, so for ever fixt
On thee, nothing but death can come betwixt
My soul and thine: If I had lov'd thy face,
Thy face alone; my fancy had given place,
Ere this, to fresh desires, and attended
Upon new fortunes; and the old had ended.
If I had lov'd thee, for thy heavenly eye,
I might have courted the bright Majesty.

Of Titan ; if thy curious lips had snar'd
 My tick'lish thoughts, I might have soon prepar'd
 A blushing Corral, or some full ripe Cherry,
 And pleas'd my lips, until my lips were weary ;
 Or if the smoothness of thy whiter brow
 Had charm'd mine eyes, and made my fancy bow
 To outward objects, polish'd Marble might
 Have given as much content, as much delight :
 In brief, had Argalus his flatter'd eye
 Been pleas'd with beauties bare Epitomy,
 Thy curious picture might have taken suppli'd
 My wants, more full, than all the world beside :
 No, no ; 'T was neither brow, nor lip, nor eye,
 Nor any outward excellence urg'd me, why
 To love Parthenia ; 'twas thy better part,
 (Which mischief could not wrong.) surpris'd my heart.
 Thy beauty was but like a Crystal case,
 Through which, the Jewel of admired grace
 Transparent was, whose hidden worth did make
 Me love the Casket for the Jewels sake :
 No, no, my well advised eye pierc'd in
 Beyond the film ; sunk deeper than the skin ;
 Else had I now been chang'd, and that firm duty
 I owe my vows, had faded with thy beauty :
 Nay, weep not my Parthenia ; let those tears
 Ne'er wail that loss, which a few after-years
 Had claim'd as due ; cheer up, thou hast forsaken
 But that, which sickness would (perchance) have taken
 With greater disadvantage ; or else age,
 That common evil, which art cannot assuage ;
 Beauty's but bare opinion : White and Red
 Have no more privilege, than what is bred
 By humane fancy, which was ne'er confin'd
 To certain bounds, but varies like the wind.
 What one man likes, another disrespects ;
 And what a third most hates, a fourth affects.
 The Negro's eye thinks black beyond compare,
 And what would fright in most, they count most fair :
 If then opinion be the touch, whereby
 All beautie's try'd ; Parthenia, in my eye,

Out-shines fair Helen, or who else she be,
That is more rich in beauties wealth than she.
Chear up ; the sovereignty of thy worth infranches
Thy captive beauty ; and thy virtue blanches
These stains of fortune. Come, it matters not
What others think ; A Letter's but a blot
To such as cannot read ; but, who have skill,
Can know the fair Impression of a Quill,
From gross and heedless blurs ; and such can think
No Paper foul, that's fairly writ with Ink.
What others hold a blemish in thy face,
My skilful eyes read Characters of Grace.
What hinders then, but that without delay,
Triumph may celebrate our Nuptial day ?
She that hath one's virtue to her guide,
Though wanting beauty, is the fairest Bride.

A Bride ? (said she) such Brides as I, can have
No fitter Bridal-chamber than a grave ;
Death is my Bridegroom ; and to welcome Death,
My loyal heart shall plight a second faith ;
And when that day shall come, that joyful day
Wherein transcendent pleasures shall allay
The heat of all my sorrows, and conjoyn
My pale-fac'd Bridegroom's lingring hand with mine,
These Ceremonies and these Triumphs shall
Attend the day to grace that day withal.

Time with his empty Hower glass shall lead
The triumph on, his winged hoof shall tread
Slow-paces ; after him there shall ensue
The chaste Diara with her Virgin crew,
All crown'd with Cypress Garlands ; after whom
In rank, th'impartial Destinies shall come.
Then in a sable Chariot faintly drawn
With harness Virgins vail'd with purest Lawn,
The Bride shall sit ; Despair and Grief shall stand
Like heartless Bridemaids upon either hand ;
Upon the Chariot top, there shall be plac'd
The little winged God with arm unbrac'd,
And bow unbent ; his drooping Wings must hide
His naked knees, his Quiver by his side

Must be unarm'd and either hand must hold
 A Banner, where with Characters of Gold
 Shall be decipher'd (fit for every eye
 To read that runs) Faith, Love, and Constancy.
 Next after, Hope, in a discoloured weed,
 Shall sadly march alone: A slender Reed
 Shall guide her feeble steps, and in her hand
 A broken Anchor all besmear'd with sand.
 And after all, the Bridegroom shall appear
 Like Joves Lieutenant, and bring up the rear,
 He shall be mounted on a Coal-black Steed,
 His hand shall hold a Dart, on which shall bleed
 A pierced heart, wherein a former wound
 Which Cupids Javelin enter'd, shall be found.
 When as these Triumphs shall adorn our Feast,
 Let Argalus be my invited Guest,
 And let him bid me nuptial Joy: From whom
 I once expected all my joys should come.

With that, as if his count'nance had thought good
 To wear deaths colours; or as if his blood
 Had been employed to condole the smart
 And torment of his poor afflicted heart,
 He thus bespake: Unhappiest of all men,
 Why do I live? is Death my Rival then?
 Unequal chance! Had it been flesh and blood,
 I could have grappled, and (perchance) withstood
 Some stout encounters: Had an armed host
 Of mortal Rivals ventur'd to have cross'd
 My best desires; my Partheniaes eye
 Had given me power to make that army flie,
 Like frighted Lambs before the Wolf; but thou,
 Before whose presence all must stoop and bow
 Their servile necks, what weapon shall I hold
 Against thy hand that will not be control'd?
 Great enemy: Whose Kingdom's in the dust,
 And dark some Caves: I know that thou art just;
 Else had the Gods ne'r trusted to thy hand
 So great a privilege, so large command
 And Jurisdiction o'er the lives of men,
 To kill, and save even whom they please, and when:

O, suffer not Parthenia's tempting tears
To move thy heart; let thy hard-hearted ears
Be deaf to all her sues: If she profess
Affection to thee, believe nothing less.
She's my betrothed Spouse, and Hymens bands
Have firmly join'd our hearts, though not our hands:
Where plighted faith, and Sacro-sanctious vow
Hath given possession, dispossess not thou.
Be just, and though her briny lips bewail
Her grief with tears, let not those tears prevail.
Whom Heavens have join'd: thy hands may not dis-join,
I am Partheniaes, and Parthenia's mine:
Alas! We are but one; then thou must either
Refuse us both; or else, take both together.

My dear Parthenia, let no cloudy passion
Of dull despair molest thee; or unfashion
Thy better thoughts, to make thy troubled minde
Either forgetful, or thy self unkind:
Starve not my pining hopes with longer stay;
My love hath wings, and brooks no long delay;
It hovers up and down, and cannot rest.
Until it light, and perch upon thy breast.
Torment not him, within these lingering fires,
That's rackt already on his own desires.
Seal and deliver as thy deed, that band,
Whereto thy promis'd faith hath set her hand:
And what our plighted hearts, and mutual vow
Have so long since begun, O finish now;
That our imperfect, and half-pleasures may
Receive perfection by a marriage day.

Whereto, she thus: Had the pleas'd Gods above
Forgiven my faults, and made me fit for Jove
To bless at large: Had a'l the powers of Heaven
(To boast the utmost of their bounty) given
As great addition to my slender fortune
As they could give. or covetous minde importune,
I wou to Heaven, and all those heavenly powers,
They should no sōoner been made mine, but yours:
Nay had my fortunes staid but at the rate
They were; had I remained in that state

I was ; (although at best unworthy far
Of such a Peerless blessing as you are)
My dear acceptance should have fill'd my heart
As full of joys, as now it is of smart ;

But, as I am, let angry Jove then vent
On me his plagues, till all his plagues be spent :
And when I roar, let Heaven my pains deride,
When I match Argalus, to such a Bride.
Live happy Argalus, let thy Soul receive
What Blessings poor Parthenia cannot have :
Live happy ; may thy joys be never done,
But let one Blessing draw another on.
O may thy better Angel watch and ward
Thy Soul ; and pitch an everlasting Guard
About the portals of thy tender heart,
And shewre down blessings where'so'er thou art.
Let all thy joys be as the month of May,
And all thy days be as a marriage day :
Let sorrow, sickness, and a troubled minde
Be strangers to thee ; let them never finde
Thy heart at home ; let Fortune still allot
Such lawless guests to those that love thee not :
And let those blessings, which shall wanting be
To such as merit none, alight on thee.

That mutual Faith, betwixt us that of late
Hath past, I give thee freedom to translate
Upon the merits of some fitter spouse ;
I give thee leave, and freely quit thy vows,
I call the gods to witness, nothing shall
More bless my Soul, no comfort can befall
More truly welcome to me, than to see
My Argalus (what ere become of me)
So link'd in wedlock, as shall most augment
His greater honor, and his true content.

With that, a sudden and tempestuous tide
Of tears overwhelm'd her language, and deny'd
A passage ; but when passions flood was spent,
She thus proceeds. *You Gods, if you are bent
To act my Tragedy, why do you wrong
Our patience so, to make the play so long ?*

Your Scenes are tedious ; 'Gainst the rules of art,
 You dwell too long, too long upon one part.
 Be brief, and take advantage of your odds,
 One simple Maid amongst so many Gods,
 And not be conquer'd yet ? Conjoyn your might,
 And send her Soul into eternal night,
 That lives too long a day : I'll not resist ;
 Provided you strike home, strike where ye list.
 Accursed be that Day, wherein these eyes
 First saw the light ; let des'rate souls devise
 A curse sufficient for it : Let the Sun
 Ne'r shine upon it ; and what er's begun
 Upon that fatal day, let Heaven forbid it
 Success ; if not t'ensnare the hand that did it.
 Why was I born ? Or, being born, O why
 Did not my fonder Nurses Lullaby
 (Even whilst my Lips were hanging on her Brest)
 Sing her poor Babe to everlasting rest ?
 O then my Infant-soul had never known
 This world of grief, beneath whose weight I groan :
 No, no, it had not ; he that dies in's prime,
 Spends a long business in a little time.

But Argalus (whose more extream desire,
 Unapt to yield, like water sprinkled fire,
 Did blaze the more) impatient of denial,
 Gave thus an on-set to a further trial :

Life of my Soul ; by whom, next Heaven, I breath :
 Excepting whom, I have no friend but Death :
 How can thy wishes ease my grief, or stand
 My misery in stead, when as thy hand,
 And nothing but thy helping hand can give me
 Relief, and yet refuses to relieve me ?
 Strange kinde of Charity, when being afflicted,
 I finde best wishes, yet am interdicted
 Of those best wishes, and must be remov'd
 From loves enjoyment ; Why ? Because belov'd.
 Alas ! alas ! How can my wishes be
 A Blessing to me, if unblest in thee ?
 Thy Beauty's gone, (thou sayest) why, let it go ;
 He loves but ill, that loves but for a show ;

Thy

Thy beauty is suppli'd in my affection,
 That never yet was slave to a complexion.
 Shall every day, wherein the Earth does lack
 The Sun's reflex, b'expell'd the Almanack?
 Or shall thy over-curious steps forbear
 A garden 'cause there be no Roses there?
 Or shall the Sun-set of Partheniaes beauty
 Enforce my judgment to neglect that duty
 The which my best advis'd affection owes
 Her sacred virtue, and my solemn vows?
 No, no; it lies not in the power of Fate
 To make Parthenia too unfortunate
 For Argalus to love.

It is as easie for Partheniaes heart
 To prove less virtuous, as for me to start
 From my firm faith; the flame that honors breath
 Hath blown, nothing hath power to quench, but death
 Thou gav'st me leave to chuse a fitter Spouse,
 And freedom to recal, to quit those vows
 I took; who gave thee Licence to dispence
 With such false tongues, or offer violence
 To plighted faith? Alas! thou canst not free
 Thy self, much less hadst power to licence me.
 Vows can admit no change; they still persevere
 Against all chance; they binde, they binde for ever:
 A vow's a holy thing, no common breath:
 The limits of a vow is Heaven and Death:
 A vow that's past, is like a Bird that's flown
 From out the hand, can be recal'd by none;
 It dies not, like a time-beguiling Jest,
 As soon as vented; lives not in thy Brest,
 When uttered once, but is a sacred Word
 Straight entred in the strict and close Record
 Of Heaven; it is not like a Juglers knot,
 Or fast, or loose, as pleases us or not.
 Since then thy vows can finde no dispensation,
 And may not be recal'd, recal thy passion;
 Perform, perform what now it is too late,
 Turnwish again, too soon to violate:

not to quit, what Heaven denies to free ;
form thy vows to Heaven, thy vows to me.
thrice dearer then my Soul, (she thus reply'd,)
my own pampered fancy been the guide
my affection, I had condescended
this, to your request, which had befriended
best desires too : I lov'd not thee
my own pleasure in that base degree,
gluttons do their diet, who dispense
unwash'd hands, (lest they should give offence
their grip'd stomachs, when a minutes stay
all make them curse occasion all the day)
w'd not so ; my first desires did spring
from thy own worth ; and as a sacred thing
always view'd thee, whom my zeal commands
not prophane with these defiled hands.
true ; performance is a debt we owe
Vows, and nothing's dearer than a vow ;
when the gods do ravish from our hand,
means to keep it, 'tis a countermand.
that hath vow'd to sacrifice each day,
Juno's Altars bound, and must obey :
if (being under v.w.) the gods do please
strike him with a leprous disease,
soul infection ; which is better now,
profane the Altar, or to break the vow ?
the case is mine ; where then the gods dispence,
may be bold, yet tender no offence.
admit it were an evil ; 'tis our best,
necessary ills to chuse the least.
the gods are good ; the strict recognisance
vows, is onely taken to advance
the good of man ; now if that good prove ill,
may refuse, our vow's intire still.
vow a marriage ; why ? because I do
intirely affect that man my Vows are to ;
if some foul disease should interpose
twixt our promis'd marriage, and our vows :
the strict performanc of those vows must prove,
wrong, and therefore love not, whom I love.

Then

Then urge no more : Let my denial be
A pledg sufficient 'twixt my love and thee.
So ended she : But vehement desire
(That can be quencht with No, no more than fire
With oyl ; and can submit to no condition)
Lends him new breath : Love makes a Rhetorician
He speaks ; she answers : He, afresh, replies ;
He stoutly sues ; as stoutly she denies.
He begs in vain ; and she denies in vain :
For she denies again ; he begs again.
At last, both weary, he his suit adjourns ;
For lovers days are good, and bad by turns.
He bids farewell ; as if the heart of either
Gave but one motion, they both sigh'd together.
She bids farewell ; and yet she bids it so,
As if her farewell ended, if he go ;
He bids farewell ; but so, as if delay
Had promis'd better farewells to his stay.
She bids farewell, but holds his hand so fast,
As if that farewell had not been the last.
Both sigh'd, both wept, and both being heavy hearted,
She bids farewell, he bids farewell, and parted ;
So parted they : Now Argalus is gone ;
And now Parthenia's weeping all alone.
And like the widow'd Turtle she bewails
The absence of her Mate : Passion prevails
Above her strength : Now her poor heart can tell
What's Heaven by wanting Heaven ; and what's Hell
By her own torments : Sorrow now does play
The tyrants part, Affection must obey ;
And like a Weather-cock her various mind
Is chang'd and turn'd with every blast of wind.
In desp'rate language she deplores her state ;
She fain would wish, but then she knows not what :
Resolves of this, of that, and then of neither,
She fain would flee ; but then she knows not whither :
At length (consulting with the heart-less pair
Of ill advisers, Sorrow, and Despair)
Resolves, to take th' advantage of that night,
To steal away, and seek for death by flight :

Pilgrims weed her liveless limbs addrest
 m head to foot : A thong of Leather blest
 e wasted Loyns ; her feeble feet were shod
 th Sandals : In her hand a Pilgrims rod.
 en as th'illustrious Sovereign of the Day
 d now begun his circuit, to survey
 lower Kingdom, having newly lent
 e upper world to *Cynthia's* government,
 th went *Parthenia*, and begins t'attend
 e progress now, which onely death can end.
 o hapless Virgin ! Fortune be thy guide,
 d thine own virtues ; and what else beside,
 at may be prosp'rous ; may thy merits finde
 re happiness, than thy distressed minde
 n hope : Live, and to after-ages prove
 e great example of true *Faith*, and *Love* ;
 ne, gone she is ; but whether she is gone,
 e gods, and fortune can resolve alone :
 on my Quill, that is forc'd to stray
 m a poor Lady, in an unknown way.
 o number forth her weary steps, or tell
 ose obvious dangers, that so oft beset
 r poor *Parthenia* in her pilgrimage,
 bring her miseries on the open stage ;
 r broken slumbers, her distracted care,
 r hourly fears and frights, her hungry fare ;
 r daily perils, and her nightly scapes
 m ravenous-Beasts, and from attempted rapes,
 ot my task ; who care not to incite,
 Readers passion to an appetite.
 e leave *Parthenia* now ; and our discourse
 ft cast an eye, and bend her settled course
Argalus. When *Argalus* (returning
 vilit his *Parthenia*, the next morning)
 eceived she was fled, not knowing whither ;
 makes no stay : Consults not with the weather,
 yes not to think, but claps his hasty knees
 his fleet Courser, and away he flees :
 haste enquires no way, (he needs not fear
 lose the road, that goes he knows not where :)

Oae while he pricks upon the fruitful plains ;
And now, he gently slack's his prouder reins,
And climbs the barren Hills ; with fresh careers
He tries the right-hand way ; and then he veres
His course upon the left. One while he likes
This path, when by and by, his fancy strikes
Upon another track. Sometimes he roves
Among the Springs and solitary Groves,
Where, on the tender barks of sundry Trees,
H' engraves *Parthenia's* name with his ; then flees
To the wilde Champian ; his proud Steed removes
The hopeful fallows with his horned hoves :
He baulks no way, rides over Rock and Mountain,
When led by Fortune to *Diana's* Fountain,
He straight dismounts his Steed, begins to quench
His thirsty lips ; and after that, to drench
His fainting limbs, in that sweet stream, wherein
Parthenia's dainty fingers oft had been.
The Fountain was upon a steep descent,
Whose gliding current nature gave a vent
Through a firm Rock, which art (to make it known
To after-ages) wall'd and roof't with stone.
Above the Chrystal Fountains head, was plac'd
Diana's Image (though of late defac'd ;)
Beneath, a Rocky Cistern did retain
The water, sliding through the Cocks of *Cane*,
Whose curious Current the Worlds greater eye
Ne'r view'd, but in his mid-day Majesty :
It was that Fountain, where in elder times
Poor *Coridon* compos'd his rural rimes,
And left them closely hid for his unkinde,
And marble-hearted *Phyllida* to finde,
All rites perform'd, he re-amounts his Steed,
Redeems his loss of time with a new speed :
And with a fresh supply, his strength renews
His progress, God knows whither : He pursues
His vow'd adventure, brooking no delay,
And (with a minde as doubtful as the way)
He journeys on ; he left no course, unthought ;
No traveller, unask'd ; no place, unsought ;

To make a Journal of each circumstance;
His change of fortunes, or each obvious chance
Beset his tedious travel; to relate
The brave attempt of this exploit, or that:
His rare achievements, and their fair success,
His noble courage, in extremest distress;
His desperate dangers, his deliverance:
His high esteem with men, which did enhance
His meanest actions to the throne of Jove:
And what he suffered for *Parthenia's* love,
Would I make our volume endless, apt to try
The utmost patience of a studious eye:
All which, the bounty of a free conceit
May sooner reach to, than my pen relate.
But till bright *Cynthia's* head had three times thrice
Repair'd her empty horns, and fill'd the eyes
Of gazing Mortals with her globe of light,
This restless Lover ceas'd not, day and night
To wander, in a solitary quest

For her, whose love had taught him to digest
The dregs of sorrow, and to count all joys
But follies, (weigh'd with her) at least, but toys.

It hapned now, that twice six moneths had run,
Since wandring *Argalus* had first begun
His toilsom progress; who, in vain, had spent
A year of hovers, and yet no event,
When fortune brought him to a goodly seat,
(Wall'd round about with hills) yet not so great
As pleasant; and less curious to the sight,
Than strong, yet yielding even as much delight
As strength; whose onely out-side did declare
The Masters judgment, and the builders care.
Around the *Castle*, Nature had laid out
The bounty of her treasure; round about
Well fenced Meadows (fill'd with Summers pride)
Promis'd provision for the Winter tide:
Near which the neighb'ring hills (well stockt & stor'd
With milk-white flocks) did severally afford
Their fruitful blessings, and deserv'd increase
To painful Husbandry, the childe of Peace:

It was *Kalandars* seat, who was the Brother
 Of lost *Partheniaes* late deceased Mother.
 He was a Gentleman, whom vain ambition
 Ne'r taught to undervalue the condition
 Of private *Gentry*; who prefer'd the love
 Of his respected neighbors, far above
 The apish congies of th' unconstant Court;
 Ambitious of a good, not great report:
 Beloved of his Prince, yet not depending
 Upon his favors so, as to be tending
 Upon his person; and, in brief, too strong
 Within himself, for fortunes hand to wrong:
 Thither came wandring *Argalm*, and receiv'd
 As great content, as one that was bereav'd
 Of all his joys, could take; or who would strive
 T'express a welcome to the life, could give,
 His richly furnisht Table more exprest
 A common bounty, than a curious feast;
 Whereat the choice of precious wines were offer'd
 In liberal sort; not urg'd, but freely offer'd:
 The careful servants did attend the room;
 No need to bid them either go or come:
 Each knew his place, his office, and could spy
 His Masters pleasure in his Masters eye.
 But what can relish pleasing to a taste
 That is distemper'd? Can a sweet repast
 Please a sick Palate? No, there's no content
 Can enter *Argalm*, whose soul is bent
 To tire on his own thoughts: *Kalandars* love
 (That other times would ravish) cannot move
 That fixed heart, which passion now incites
 T'abjure all pleasures, and forswear delights.
 It fortun'd, on a day, that dinner ending,
Kalandar and his noble guests, intending
 T'exchange their pleasures in the open air,
 A Messenger came in, and did repair
 Unto *Kalandar*, told him, that the end
 Of his employment, was to recommend
 A noble Lady to him (near alli'd
 To fair Queen *Hellen*) whose unskilful guide

Had

Th'intended marriage ne' rifeless ; but she
 Whom reason now had taught to disagree
 With her distracted thoughts, stands deaf and mute,
 And at the last, I avoid his further suite,
 Not making any private to her flight,
 She quits the house, and steals away by night :
 But Madam, when as Argalus perceiv'd
 That she was fled ; and being quite bereav'd
 Of his lost hope, poor Lover, he assays
 By toilsom pilgrimage to end his days,
 Or finde her out : Now twice six moneths have run
 Their tedious courses, since he first began
 His fruitless journey, ranging far and near,
 Suffering as many sorrows, as a year
 Could send ; and made by the extreams of weather,
 Unsapt for travel ; Fortune brought him hither,
 Where he as yet remains, till time shall make
 His wasted body fit to undertake
 His discontinu'd progress, and renew
 His great inquest for her, who at first view,
 Madam .. you seem'd to be.

So said, the Lady, from whose tender eyes
 Some drops did slide, whose heart did sympathize
 With both their sorrows ; said, And is there then
 Such unexpected constancy in men ?
 Most noble Sir ?

If the too rash desires of a stranger
 May be dispens'd withal without the danger
 Of too great boldness, I should make request
 To see this noble Lord, in whose rare breast
 (By your report) more honor doth reside,
 Then in all Greece ; nay, all the world beside :
 I have a message to him ; and am loath
 To do it, were I not engag'd by oath.

Whereat Kalandar not in breath, but action,
 Applies himself to give a satisfaction
 To her propounded wish ; protraction wastes
 No time, but up to Argalus he hastes :
 Arg'us comes down, and after salutation
 Giv'n and receiv'd, she accosts him on this fashion :

My Noble Lord,

Whereas the loud resounding trump of Fame
 Hath nois'd your worth, and glorifi'd your name
 Above all others, let your goodness now
 Make good that fair report; that I may know
 By true experience, what my joyfull ear
 Had, but as yet the happiness to hear,
 And if the frailty of a womans wit
 May chance i' offend; be noble, and remit:

Then know (most noble Lord) my native place,
 Is Corinth; of the self-same blood and race
 With fair Queen Hellen, in whose Princely Court
 I had my birth, my breeding; to be short,
 Thither, not many days ago, there came
 Disguis'd and chang'd in all things but her name
 The rare Parthenia, so in shape transform'd
 In feature altered, and in face deform'd
 That (in my judgment) all this Region could
 Not shew a thing more ugly to behold.
 Long was it ere her oft repeated vows
 And solemn Protestations could rouse
 My over-dull belief; till, at the last,
 Some passages, that heretofore had past
 In secret twixt Parthenia and me,
 Gave full assurance 't could be none but she;
 Abundant welcome (as a soul so sad
 As mine, and hers, could give or take) she had:
 So like we were in face, in speech, in growth,
 That whosoever saw the one, saw both;
 Yet were we not alike in our complexions
 So much, as in our loves, in our affections:
 One sorrow serv'd us both, and one relief
 Could ease us both, but partners in one grief:
 Much private time we joyntly spent, and neither
 Could finde a true content, if not together.
 The strange occurrents of her dire misfortune
 She oft discours'd, which strongly did importune
 A world of tears from these suffus'd eyes,
 The true partakers of her miseries.

And

And as she spake the accent of her story,
 Would always point upon th' eternal glory
 Of your rare constancy, which who so'er
 In after-ages shall presume to bear,
 And not admire, let him be proclaim'd
 A rebel to all virtue, and (defam'd
 In his best actions) let his leprous name
 Or die dishonour'd, or survive with shame:
 But ah! What Simples can the hand of art
 Find out to stanch a lovers bleeding heart?
 Or what (alas) can humane skill apply
 To turn the course of loves Phlegmomy?
 Love is a secret fire, inspir'd, and blown
 By fate, which wanting hopes to feed upon,
 Works on the very soul, and does torment
 The universe of man: Which being spent
 And wasted in the conflict often shrinks
 Beneath the turban: And so conquer'd, sinks.
 All which your poor Parthenia knew too well,
 Whose bedrid hopes, not having power to quell
 Th' importunate fury of extreme despair,
 She languish'd, and not able to contrair
 The will of her victorious passion; cry'd,
 My dearest Argalus, farewell, and died.
 My Lord, not long before her latest breath
 Had freely paid the full arrears to death,
 She call'd me to her: In her dying hour
 She strain'd mine, whilst in her eyes did stand
 A shower of tears, unwept, and in mine ear
 She whisper'd so, as all the room might hear.
 Sister (said she) (That little past between us
 Not undeserv'd: for, all that ere had seen us,
 Mistook us so at least) the latest sand
 Of my spent hour-glass is now at hand:
 Those joys, which Heaven appointed out for me,
 I here bequeath to be possess'd by thee:
 And when sweet death shall clarify my thoughts,
 And drain them from the dregs of all my faults,
 Enjoy them thou, wherewith (being so resign'd
 From all their dross) full fraught thy constant mind is.

And let thy propp'rom voyage be addrest
 To the fair port of Argalus his brest,
 At whom the eye of noon did ne'r discover
 So loyal, so renown'd, so rare a lover.
 Cast anchor there ; for by this dying breath,
 No hing can please my soul more after death,
 And make my joys more perfect, than to see
 A marriage 'twixt my Argalus and thee :
 This Ring the pledg betwixt his heart and mine,
 As freely as he gave me, I make thine :
 With it unto thy faithful heart I tender
 My sacred vows ; with it I here surrender
 All right and title that I had or have
 In such a blessing, as I now must leave :
 Go to him, and conjure him in my name,
 What love he bare to me, the very same
 That he transfer on thee : Take no denial,
 Which granted, live thou happy, constant, loyal ;
 And as she spake that word, her voice did alter ;
 Her breath grew cold ; her speech began to faulter :
 Fain would she utter more, but her spent tongue
 (Not able to go further) fail'd, and clung
 To her dry rof. A while, as in a trance,
 She lay, and on a sudden did advance
 He forced language, to the height, and cried,
 Farewel my dearest Argalus, and died.

And now, my Lord, although this office be
 Unsuitable to my sex, and disagree
 Too much, perchance with the too mean condition
 Of my poor state, more like to finde derision
 Than satisfaction ; yet my gracious Lord,
 Exr'ordinary merits do afford
 Exr'ordinary means, and can excuse
 The breach of custome, or the common use :
 Wherefore incited by the dear directions
 Of dead Parthenia, by my own affections,
 And by the ex'lence of your high desert,
 I here present you with a faithful heart,
 A heart to you devoted ; which assures
 It self no happiness, but in being yours.

Pardon

Pardon my boldness ; they that shall reprove
This as a fault, reprove a fault in love :
And why should custom do our Sex that wrong,
To take away the privilege of our tongue ?
If nature give us freedom to affect,
Why then should custom bar us to detect
The gifts of nature ? she that is in pain,
Hath a sufficient warrant to complain.
Then give me leave (my Lord) to re-inforce
A Virgins suit, and (and thinking ne'r the worse
Of proffer'd love) let my desire thrive,
And freely accept what I so freely give,
So ending, silence did enlarge her ear,
(Prepar'd with quick attention) to hear
His gracious words ; but *Argalus* whose passion
Had put his amorous Courtship out of fashion,
Return'd no answer, till his trickling eyes
Had given an earnest of such obsequies
As his adjourned sorrow had intended
To do at full, and therefore recommended
To privacy ; true grief abhors the light ;
Who grieves without a witness grieves aright
His passion thus suspended for a while,
(And yet not so, but that it did recoil
Strong sighs) he wip'd his tear-bedewed eyes,
And turning to the Lady, thus replies :

Madam,
Tow'r no less rare, than noble favors show
How much your merit, and how much I owe
Your great desert, which claims more thankfulness,
Than such a dearth of language can express ;
But most of all, I stand for ever bound
To that your goodness my *Parthenia* found
In her desires, for which respect (in duty
As I am tied) poor *Argalus* shall repute ye
The flower of nob'e courtesie, and proclaim
Your high deservings. Lady, as I am
A poor and happy wretch ; the very scorn
Of all posterity, distressed, forlorn,

Unworthy the least favor you can give,
 I am your slave, your Readsman will I live :
 But for this weighty matter you propound,
 Although I see how much it would redound
 To my great happiness, yet Heaven knows
 (Most exc'lent Lady) I cannot dispose
 Of mine own thoughts, nor have I power to do
 What else you needed not perswade me to ;
 For trust me, were this heart of mine, mine own,
 To carve according to my pleasure, none
 But you should challenge ; but while I live :
 It is Partheniaes, and not mine to give.

Whereto she thus replies : Most noble Sir,
 Dea'th that hath made divorce 'twixt you and her,
 Hath now returned you your heart again,
 Dissolv'd your vows, dissink't that sacred chain.
 Which ty'd your souls ; nay more, her dying breath
 Bequeath'd your heart to me ; which by her dea'th
 Is grown a debt, that you are bound to pay ;
 Then know (my Lord) the longer you delay
 The longer time her soul is dispossess'd
 (And by your means) of her desired rest.

Whereto the poor distressed *Argalus*
 Pausing a while, return'd his answer thus.

Incomparable Lady,
 When first of all, by heavens divine directions,
 We lov'd, we lik'd, we linkt our dear affections,
 And with the solemn power of an oath,
 In presence of the better gods we both
 Exchang'd our hearts : In witness of which thing,
 I gave, and she received this dear Ring,
 Which now you wear ; by which she did resign
 Her heart to me ; for which, I gave her mine.
 Now, Madam by a mutuall Commerce,
 My exchang'd heart is not mine own but hers :
 Which if it had the power to survive,
 She being dead, what heart have I to give ?
 Or if that heart expired in her death,
 What heart had she (poor Lady !) to bequeath ?

Madam :

Madam, in her began my dear affection ;
 In her it liv'd, in her it had perfection ;
 In her it joy'd, although but ill befriended
 By fate : In her begun, in her it ended.
 If I had lov'd, if I had onely lov'd
 Partheniaes beauty, I had soon been mov'd
 To moderate my sorrows, and to place
 That love on you, that have Partheniaes face.
 But 'twas Partheniaes self I lov'd, and love ;
 Which as no time hath power to remove
 From my fixt heart, so nothing can diminish,
 No fortune can dissolve, no death can finish.
 With mingled frowns and smiles she thus reply'd
 Half in a rage, And must I be deny'd ?
 Are these the noble favours I expected ?
 To finde disgrace, and go away reject'd.

Most noble Lady, if my words (said he)
 Sate up your expectation, let them be
 Imputed to the misery of my state,
 Which makes my lips to speak they know not what ;
 Mistake not him, that one y studies how
 With most advantage still to honour you.
 Alas ! what joyes I ever did receive
 From Fortune, 's buried in Parthenias grave,
 With whom, ere long, (nor are my hopes in vain)
 I hope to meet, and never part again.

So said, with more than Eagle-winged hast,
 She flew into his bosome, and imbrac'd
 In her clos'd arms, his sorrow-wasted wast ;
 Surcharg'd with joy, she wept, not having power
 To speak. Have you beheld an April shewer
 Send down her hasty hubbles, and then stops,
 Then storms afresh, through whose transparent drops
 The unobscured Lamp of Heaven conveys
 The brighter glory of his resulgent rays ?
 Even so, within her blushing cheeks resid'd
 A mixt aspect, 'twixt smiles and tears divided :
 So even divided, no man could say, whether
 She wept, or smil'd, she smil'd and wept together :

She

She held him fast, and like a fainting lover,
 Whose passion now had licence to discover
 Some words: *Since then thy heart is not for me,
 Take, take thy own Parthenia* (said she)
*Cheer up my Argalus, these words of mine
 Are thy Partheniaes, as Parthenia's thine:*
*Believe it (Love) these are no false alarms,
 Thou hast thine own Parthenia in thine arms.*

Like as a man whose hourly wants implore
 Each meals relief, trudging from door to door
 That hears no Dialect from churlish lips,
 But news of Beadles, and their torturing whips,
 Takes up (perchance) some unexpected treasure,
 New lost; departs, and joyful beyond measure,
 Is so transported, that he scarce believes
 So great a truth, and what his eye perceives,
 Not daring trust, but fears it is some vision,
 Or flattering dream, deserving but derision:
 So *Argalus* amazed at the news,
 Fain would believe, but daring not abuse
 His easie faith too soon; for fear his heart
 Should surfet on conceit, he did impart
 The truth unto his fancy by degrees:
 Where stopt by passion, falling on his knees,
 He thus began: *O you eternal powers
 That have the guidance of these souls of ours,
 Who by your just prerogative can do
 What is as for man to dive into:
 Whose undiscover'd actions are too high
 For thought: too deep for man to enquire why:
 Delude not these mine eyes with the false show
 Of such a joy, as I must never know
 But in a dream; or if a dream it be,
 O let me never wake again to see
 My self deceiv'd, what am ordain'd I enjoy
 A real grief, and but a dreaming joy.*
 Much more he spake to this effect, which ended,
 He blest himself, and (with a sigh) unbended
 His aking knees; and rising from the ground
 He cast his rolling eyes about, and found

The

The room avoided, and himself alone ;
 The door half clos'd, and his *Parthenia* gone ;
 His new cistempered passion grew extream :
I knew, I knew (said he) 'twas but a dream ;
 A minutes joy, a flash, a flattering bubble
 Blown by the fancy, full of pleasing trouble ;
 Which waking breaks, and empties into air,
 And breaths into my soul a fresh despair.
I knew 'twas nothing but a golden dream,
Which (waking) makes my wants the more extream ;
I knew 'twas nothing but a dreaming joy,
A bliss, which (waking) I should ne'r enjoy.
 My dear *Parthenia* tell me where, O where
 Art thou, that so delud'st mine eye, mine ear ?
 O that my wakened fancy had the might
 To represent unto my real sight
 What my deceived eyes beheld, that I
 Might surfeit with excess of joy, and die!

With that, the fair *Parthenia* (whose desire
 Was all this while, by fire, to draw out fire ;
 And by a well-advised course to smother
 The fury of one passion with another)
 Stept in, and said, Then *Argalus* take thou
 Thy true *Parthenia* : Thou dream'st not now ;
 Behold this Ring, whose Motto does impart
 The constancy of our divided hearts :
 Behold these eyes, that for thy sake have ventred
 A world of tears, unpitied, unlamented :
 Behold this face, that had, of late, the power
 To curse all beauty, yet it self secure :
 Witness that Tapor, whose prophetic snuff
 Was outed and revived with one puff :
 And that my words may whet thy dull belief,
 'Twas I that roar'd beneath the scourge of grief,
 When thou didst curse the darkness for concealing
 My face, and then the Tapor for revealing
 So foul a face ; 'twas I that overcome
 With violent despair, stood deaf and dumb
 To all thy urg'd persuasions ; it was I
 That in thy absence, did resolve to die.

*A wandering Pilgrim, trusting to be led
By Fortune, to my Death ; and therefore fled.
But see ! the powers above can work their ends,
In spite of mortals ; and what man intends,
The Heavens dispose, and order the event :
For when my thoughts were desperately bent
To mine own ruine, I was led by fate
(Through dangers now too tedious to relate)
To fair Queen Hellens Court, not knowing whither
My unadvised steps were guided. Thither
My Genius brought me where unknown to any,
I mourn'd in silence, though observ'd by many,
Reliev'd by none ; at length they did acquaint
The fair Queen Hellen with my strange complaint :
Whose noble heart did truly sympathize
With mine, partaking in my miseries :
Who fill'd with pity, strongly did importune
The woful case of my disastrous fortune,
And never rested till she did enforce
These lips to acquaint her with the whole discourse,
Which done, her gracious pleasure did command
Her own Chirurgeon, to whose skilful hand
She left my foul disease, who in the space
Of twice ten days, restor'd me to this face ;
The cure perfected, straight she sent about
(Without my knowledge) to inquire out
That party for whose sake I was contented
To endure such grief with patience, unrepented :
Hoping since by her means, and help of art
My face was cur'd, even so to cure my heart.
But when the welcome Messenger return'd
The place of thy abode, O how my spirit burn'd
To kiss her hands, and so to leave the Court :
But she (whose favours did transcend report
As much, as they exceeded my desert)
Detain'd me for a while, as loth to part
With her poor handmaid ; till at last, pretending
A lovers haste, and freely apprehending
So just a cause of speed, she soon befriended
My best desires, and sent me thus attended:*

Where

Where (under a false mask) I laid this plot,
 To see how soon my Argalus had forgot
 His dead Parthenia; but my blessed ear
 Hath heard what few or none may hope to hear:
 Now farewell sorrow, and let old despair
 Go seek new breasts; let mischief never dare
 Attempt our hearts; let Argalus enjoy
 His true Parthenia; let Partheniaes joy
 Revive in him; let each be blest in either,
 And blest be Heaven, that brought us both together:
 - With that the well-nigh broken hearted lover,
 Ravish'd with over-joy, did thus discover
 His long pent words: And do those eyes once more
 Behold what their extreme despair gave ore
 To hope for? Do these wretched eyes attain
 The happiness to see this face again?
 And is there so much happiness yet left
 For a broke heart, a heart that was bereft
 Of power to enjoy, what Heaven had power to give?
 Breaths my Parthenia? Does Parthenia live?

Who ever saw the Pole-affecting stone,
 By hidden power, (a power as yet unknown
 To our confin'd and darkned reason) draw
 The neighboring steel, which by the mutual law
 Of natures secret working, strives as much
 To be attracted, till they joyn and touch;
 Even so these greedy Lovers meet, and charms
 Each other strongly in each others arms;
 Even so they meet; and with unbounded measure
 Of true content, and time-beguiling pleasure,
 Enjoy each other with a world of kisses,
 Sealing the Patent of true worldly blisses:
 Where for a while I leave them to receive,
 What pleasures new-met Lovers use to have.

Readers forbear, and let no wanton eye
 Abuse our Scene: Let not the stander by
 Corrupt our lines, or make an obscene gloss
 Upon our sober Text, and mix his dross
 With our refined Gold, extracting sower
 From sweet; and poyson from so fair a flower.

Correct your wandring thoughts, and do not fear
To think the best : Here is no *Tarquin* here :
No lustful, no insatiate *Messaline*.
Who thought it gain sufficient to resign
An age of honor, for a night of pleasure ;
Whose strength to endure lust, was the just measure
Of her adust desire : Ye need not fear
Our private Lovers, who esteem less dear
Their lives than honors, daring not to do
But what, unsham'd, the Sun may pry into.

If any itching ears desire to know
What secret conference past betwixt these two ;
To them my Muse thus answers : *When your case*
Shall prove the like, she wills you to embrace
True honor, as these noble Lovers did
And you shall know ; till then you are forbid
To inquire further : Onely this she pleases
To let you understand, that loves diseases
Bring roughly cured, by their meeting, they
Have once again prefixt a *Marriage day* :
Which that it might succeed, with fairer fortune,
Readers, she moves your pleasures to importune
The better gods, *That they would please to appay*
Their griefs with joy, and smile upon that day.

Argalus



Argalus and Parthenia.

The Third Book.

When sturdy *Marches* storms are over-
 blown,
 And *Aprils* gentle showers are flidden
 down,
 To close the wind-chapt *Earth*, succeeding *May*
 Enters her moneth, whose early breaking day
 Calls Ladies from their easie Beds to view,
 Sweet *Maia's* pride, and the discolour'd hiew
 Of dewy-breasted *Flora* in her bower,
 Where every hand hath leave to pick the flower
 Her fancy likes; wherewith to be possest,
 Until it fade, and wither in her brest.
 Now smooth fac'd *Neptune*, with his gladder smiles
 Visits the banks, of his beloved *Iter*:
Æolus calls in the winds, and bids them hold
 Their full-mouth'd blasts, that breathless are con-
 Each one retires, and shrinks into his seat, (trall:
 And Sea-green *Triton* sounds a shrill retreat:
 And thus at length, our *Pinace* is past o're
 The bar, and rides before the *Maiden-tower*.
 Up, now in earnest (voyagers) and stand ye
 On your faint legs. Our *long boat* straight shall land
 Forget your travels now, and lead your eyes Cye,
 From your past dangers, to your present prize:
 You

You traffick not for toys : The gods have set
 No other price to things of price, but *sweat*.
 Chear up ; call home your hearts, and be advis'd
 Goods eas'ly purchas'd, are as eas'ly priz'd :
 You traffick not for trifles, and your travel
 Was not to compass the almighty gravel
 Of th' *Indian Mines*, to ballast your estates ;
 'Twas not for blasts of *Honor*, whose poor dates,
 Depend on regal smiles, and have no measures
 But Monarch's *wills*, expiring with their pleasures :
 'Twas not to conquer Kingdoms, or obtain
 The dangerous title of a *Sovereign* :
 These are poor things : It is but false discretion
 To toil, where hopes are sweeter then possession :
 No, we are bound upon more brave adventures ;
True Honor, Virtue, Beauty, are the Centers,
 To which we point, whereto our thoughts do tend ;
 And Heaven hath brought our voyage to an end.
 Hail noble *Argalus*, now the *Cockboots* stands
 Secure ; step forth ; spred forth thy widened hands,
 And take thy fairest *Bride* into thine arms :
 Strike up (brave spirit) *Cupid's* fresh alarms
 Upon her melting lips : Take *Toll*, before
 Thou set her dainty foot upon the shore :
 So let her slide upon thy gentle brest,
 And fool the ground : Then lead her to her rest.
 Go Imps of *Honor*, let the morning Sun
 Gild your delights, and spend his beams upon
 Your marriage triumphs ; let his Western light
 Decline apace, and make an early night.
 Go, *Turkies* go, let treble joys betide
 The faithful *Bridegroom*, and his fairest *Bride* :
 Let your own vertues light you to your rest ;
 To morrow come we to your Nuptial feast.
 By this the curl'd pate *Waggoner* of Heaven
 Had finish'd his Diurnal course, and driven
 His panting Steeds a down the Western *Hill*.
 When silver *Cynthia* rising to fulfil
 Her nightly course, lets fall an Evening tear,
 To see her Brother leave the *Hemisphere*,

Which by the air dispers'd, is early found
(And call'd a *Pearly dew*) upon the ground :
Still as the night, no language did molest
The waking ear ; all Mortals were at rest :
No breath of wind had power to provoke
The *Aspine-leaf*, or urge th'aspiring smoke :
Sweet was the Air, and clear ; no Star was hid :
No envious cloud was stirring, to forbid
The wilde *Astronomer* to gaze, and look
Into the secrets of his spangled book ;
Whilst round about, in each resounding grove,
(As if the *Choristers* of night had strove
T'excel) the warbling *Philomela* compares,
And vies by turns her *Polypholian* airs.

And now the horn mouth'd *Belman* of the night
Had sent his midnight summons to invite
Nights ravenous rebels from their secret holds
To rome and visit the securer folds ;
Whil'st drouzy *Morpheus* with his leaden keys
Locks up the *Shepherds* eye-lids, and betrays
The scatter'd flocks ; which lie like sacrifices,
Expecting fire when the *Sun-god* rises,
By this the pale-fac'd *Empress* of the night
Had re-surrendred up her borrowed light,
And to the lower world she now retires,
Attended with her train of lesser fires,
And early *Hesper* shoots his golden head,
To usher *Titan* from his *Purple bed* :
The gray-ey'd *Janitor* does now begin
To ope his Eastern portals, and let in
The new-born *Day* ; who having lately hurl'd
The shades of night into the lower world,
The dewy cheek'd *Anrova* does unfold
Her *Purple* curtains, all befring'd with *Gold*
And from the *Pillow* of his *Erocean* Bed,
Don *Phabus* rouses his refulgent head ;
That with his all-discerning eye surveyes
And gilds the *Mountains* with his morning rayes.
Now, now the wakeful *Bridegroom* (whose last night
Had made her shades too long) salutes the light,
Salutes

Salutes the welcome light, which now, at length,
 Shall crown his heart with joys, beyond the strength
 Of mortal language, whose religious fires
 Shall light those Lovers to their wisht desires.

Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptial weeds,
 T'enjoy that joy, from whence all joy proceeds :
 Enter those joys, from whence all joy proceeds :
 Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptial weeds.

And thou fair *Bride*, more beauteous than the day,
 Thy day is come, and *Hymen* calls away ;
 Awake and rouse thee from thy downy slumber :
 Thy Day is come : O may thy joys out-number
 Thy minutes that are past, and to ensue ;
 Arise, and bid thy Maiden bed adieu :
 Put on thy Nuptial robes, time calls away ;
 O may thy after-days be like this day.
 By this, bright *Phæbus* with redoubled glory,
 Had half way mounted to the highest story
 Of his *Olympick Palace* ; there to see
 This long expected days solemnity :
 When all on sudden, there was heard (around
 From every quarter) the Majestick sound
 Of many Trumpets : All, in consort running
 One point of War, transcending far the cunning
 Of mortal blasts ; and, what did seem more strange,
 The shrill-mouth'd musick did as sudden change
 To *Dorick* strains, to sweet mollitious airs,
 To *Lyrick* songs, and voices, like to theirs
 That charm'd *Ulysses* ; whilst th'amazed ear
 Stood ravish'd at these changes, it might hear
 Those voices, (by degrees) transform'd to *Lutes*,
 To *Shalms*, deep throated *Sackbuts*, and to *Flutes*,
 And echo-forcing *Cornets* ; which surpass
 The art of man ; this *Harmony* did last
 Until the *Bridegrooms* came ; but all men wondred
 To hear the noise ; some thought the Heavens had
 To a new tune ; and some more wisel ears (thundred
 Conceiv'd it was the *Musick of the Spheres* :
 All wondred, all men gaz'd, and all could hear :
 But none knew whence the *Musick* was, or where.

Forth-

Forthwith, as if a second *Sun* had rose,
And strove with greater brightness to depose
The glory of the first, the *Bridegroom* came,
Usher'd along with Eagle winged *fame*,
Whose twice five hundred mouths did at one blast
Inspire a thousand *Trumpets*, as he past :
His Nuptial vesture was of *Scarlet Die*,
So deep, as it would dazle a weak eye
To gaze upon 't ; to which, the curious Art
Of the laborious Needle did impart
So great a glory, that you might behold
A rising *Sun*, imboist with purest gold :
From whence ten thousand *traits* of gold came down
In waving points, like *Sun-beams* from that Sun :
Thus from his chamber midst the vulgar croud
(Like *Titan*, breaking through a gloomy cloud)
The long expected *Bridegroom* came, and past
Th' amazed multitude ; till, at the last,
His Herauld brought him to the *Hall of state*,
Where all th' *Arcadian* Nobles did await
To welcome his approach, and to discharge
The lower volley of their joys at large :
The Hall was spacious, lightsome, and bestrow'd
With *Floraes* wealth, (a bounty that she ow'd
This glorious feast) the walls were richly clad
With curious *Tap'stry* (such as *Greece* ne'r had
Before that day) wherein you might behold,
Wrought to the life, in colour'd silk and gold,
This present story of these peerless Lovers,
Which like a silent *Chronicle*, discovers
The several passages that did befall
'Twixt their first meeting, and their Nuptial ;
Devis'd and wrought by Virgins born in *Greece*,
Presented to this *Triumph*, as a *Peece*
Devoted to the memory and fame
Of *Argalus*, and his *Partheniaes* name ;
No sooner was the Ceremony ended,
(Wherein each noble spirit more contended
To express affection, than affect the expression
Of courtly *Rhet'rick*, in a bare profession

Of airy friendship) but a sudden shout
 Of rudely-mingled voices flew throughout
 The spacious *Castle*, which confus'dly cry'd
 Joy to *Parthenia*, to the fairest *Bride*.
 Forthwith (as if that Heaven had broken loose,
 And *Deities* had meant to enterpose
 Their heavenly bodies, with the mortal tribe
 Of men; or else, intending to ascribe
 Their pers'nal honor to this Nuptial)
 In more than Princely state enters the *Hall*
 A glorious show of Ladies, all array'd
 In rare and costly robes, and richly laid
 With Jems unvalued; and each Lady wore
 A scarf upon her arm, embroidered o'r
 With *Gold* and *Pearl*; thus hand in hand they past
 Into the *Hall*, but oft their eyes did cast
 A backward look, as if their thoughts did minde,
 Some greater glory, coming on behinde:

Next after them, came in the *Virgin crew*
 In milk-white robes (Virgins that never knew
 The sacred myst'ries of the marriage bed,
 Nor, finding trouble in a *Maidenhead*,
 Ere lent a thought to nuptial joys till now)
 Thus past these buds of Nature, two by two,
 Their long disshevelled tresses dangled down
 With careless Art, and on each head a crown
 Of Golden *Lawrel* stood; their faces shrowded
 Beneath a veil, seem'd as the stars were clouded.

Have ye beheld in frosty Winters even,
 When all the lesser twinkling *Lamps* of Heaven
 Are fully kindled, how the ruddy face
 Of rising *Cynthia* looks? with what a grace
 She views the throne of darkness, and aspires
 Th' *Olympick* brow, amidst the smaller fires?
 So after all these sparks of beauty, came
 (They were but sparks to such a glorious flame)
 The fair *Parthenia*: Thus the rose-cheek'd *Bride*
 Enters the room; a milk-white veil did hide
 Her blushing face, which ne'rtheless discloses
 Some glimpse of red, like *Lawn* o'r-spredding *Roses*:
 Thus

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oses:

Thus

Thus entred she. The Garments that she wore
 Were made of purple silk, bespangled o'r
 With *Stars* of purest Gold, and round about
 Each several *Star* went, winding in and out,
 A trail of *Orient Pearl*, so rarely wrought,
 That as the garments mov'd, you would have thought
 The *Stars* had twinkled; her dishevelled hair
 Hung down behind, as if the onely care,
 Had been to reconcile neglect and art,
 Hung loosely down, and veil'd the backer part
 Of those her Sky-resembling Robes; but so,
 That every breath would wave it to and fro,
 Like flying clouds, through which you might discover
 Sometimes one glim'ring *Star*, sometimes another:
 Thus on she went; her ample train supported
 By thrice three Virgins, evenly siz'd and sorted
 In Purple robes; forthwith, the *Bridegroom* rises
 From off his chair; bows down and sacrifices
 The peaceful offering of a morning kiss,
 Upon her lips: *To such a Saint as this,*
What rebellious heart could chuse but bow,
And offer freely the perpetual vow
Of choice obedience?

With that, each Noble moves him from his place;
 And with a posture, full of princely grace,
 Salutes the lovely *Bride*, with words, expressing
 The joyful Model of a Kingdoms blessing.
 But hark! The *Hymenean Trumpet* sends
 Her latest summons forth: *Hymen* attends
 The noble pair, and is prepar'd to yoke
 Their promis'd hands; the sacred *Altars* smoke
 With *Myrre* and *Frankincense*, the ways are strow'd
 With *Flora's* pride; and the expecting croud
 Have throng'd the streets, and every greedy eye
 Attends to see the *Triumph* passing by.

At length the gates flew open; on this fashion
 Began the *Triumph*: First a *Proclamation*
 Was made, with a loud voice? *If any be*
Lord, or Knight, or whatsoever degree.

Pro-

*Professing Arms or Honor in the Land,
That at this time can challenge or pretend
A title to Partheniaes heart, or claim
A right, or interest in her love, or name ;
Let him come forth in person ; or appear
By noble Proxy, if not present here :
And by the excellent honor of a Knight,
He shall receive such honorable right
As the just sword can give : Let him now come
And speak, or else, for evermore be dumb.*

(came

Thrice was it read ; which done, forthwith there
True honors Eagle-winged Herauld Fame,
Sounding a silver Trump ; and as she past
She shook the Earths foundation with her blast :

Next after whom in undissembled state
The *Bridegroom* came : On his right-hand did wait
The God of War in Martial Robes of green,
All stain'd with bleeding hearts, as they had been
But newly wounded, and from every wound
Fresh blood did seem to trickle on the ground :
And as the Garments mov'd, each dying heart
Would seem to pant a while, and then depart :
Upon the *Bridegrooms* left hand there attended
Heavens Pursuivant, whose brawny arm extended
A winged *Caduce* ; he had scarce the might
To curb his feet : His feet were wing'd for flight :
Above his head their hands did joyntly hold
A *Grimson Canopy* embost with Gold.

Next them, twice twenty famous Nobles follow'd,
Brave men at arms, whose names the world had hol-
For rare exploits, and twice as many Knights, (low'd
Whose bloods had ransom'd, and redeem'd the rights
Of wronged Ladies : These were all aray'd
In robes of *Needle-work*, so rarely made,
That he which sees them, thinks he doth behold
Armors of steel, fair filletted with Gold ;
And as they marcht, their *Squiers* did advance
Before each Knight his warlike *Shield* and *Lance* :

And after these, the Princely *Virgin-bride*,
On whom all eyes were fastened, did divide

Her

Her gentle paces, being led between
Two *Godesses*, the one aray'd in green,
On which the curious needle undertook
To make a forest: here, a bubbling brook
Divides two thickets; through the which doth flie
The single *Deer*, before the deep-mouth'd cry
That closely follows: there, th'affrighted Herd
Strands trembling at the musick, and afeard
Of every shadow, gazes to and fro,
Not knowing where to stay, or where to go:
Where, in a *Landskip*, you may see the *Faunes*:
Following their crying mothers o'r the *Lawns*:
The other was in robes, the purer die
Whereof, did represent the mid-day sky (beams
Full of *black clouds*; through which, the glorious
Of the victorious *Sun* appears, and seems
As 'twere to scatter; and at length, to shed
His brighter glory, on a fruitful bed
Of noisom weeds, from whence you might discern
A thousand painful Bees extract, and eat
Their sweet provition; and, with laden thighs
To bear their waxy burthens: On this wise
The princely Bride was led betwixt these two:
The first, was she, that on *Aileon's* brow
Reveng'd her naked chastity; the other
Was she, to whom *Jove's* pregnant brain was mother
Through *Vulcan's* help; and these did joyntly hold
Upon her head, a *Coronet* of Gold:

Whose train, *Diana's* Virgin-crew, all crown'd
With Golden wreathes, supported from the ground.
Next after her, upon the triumph waited
An order, by *Diana* new created,
And stil'd, *The Ladies of the Maidenhead*,
In white, wrought here and there with spots of red,
And every spot appeared as a stain
Of lovers blood, whom their coy hearts had slain:
Rankt three and three, and on each head a Crown
Of *Primroses*, and *Roses* not yet blown.

Next whom, the Beauties of th'*Arcadian* Court
March'd two and two, whose glory came not short

Of what th' unlimited and studied art
Of glory-vying Ladies could impart
To such solemnities, where every one
Strove to excel, and to b' excell'd of none.

Thus came they to the *Temple*, where attended
The sacred *Priests*, whose voices recommended
The days success to Heaven, and did divide
A blessing 'twixt the *Bridegroom*, and the *Bride*;
Which done, and after low obeisance made,
The first (while all the rest kept silence) said:

*Welcome to Juno's sacred Courts: Draw near:
Unspotted Lovers, welcome: Do not fear
To touch his holy ground; pass on secure:
Our gates stand open to such guests, as you are:
Our gracious Goddess grants you your desires,
And hath accepted of those holy fires
We offer'd in your name, and takes a pleasure
To smell your Incense, in so great a measure
Of true delight, that we are bold to say,
She crowns your vows, and smiles upon this day.*

So said, they bowed to the ground, and blest
Themselves; that done, they singled from the rest
The noble *Bridegroom*, and his Princely *Bride*,
And said, *Our gracious Goddess be our guide,
As we are yours: And as they spake that word,*
Their well tun'd voices sweetly did accord
With *Musick* from the *Altar*; as along
They pass, they gently warbled out this song:

THUS in pomp and priestly pride,
To glorious Juno's *Altar* go we:
Thus to Juno's *Altar* show we
The noble *Bridegroom* and his *Bride*:
Let Juno's hourly blessings send ye
As much joy as can attend ye.

*May these Lovers never want
True joys, nor ever beg in vain
Their choice desires; but obtain
What they can wish, or she can grant.*

*Let Juno's hourly blessing send ye
As much joy as can attend ye.*

*From satiety, from strife,
From jealousy, domestick jars,
From those blows that leave no scars,
Juno protect your marriage life,
Let Juno's hourly blessing send ye.
As much joy as can attend ye.*

*Thus to Hymens sacred bands,
We commend your chaste deserts,
That as Juno link'd your hearts,
So he would please to joyn your hands,
And let both their blessings send ye
As much joy as can attend ye.*

No sooner was this Nuptial Carol ended,
But bowing to the ground, they recommended
This Princely pair (both prostrate on the floor)
And with their hands presented them before :
The sacred Altar, whereunto they brought
Two Milk-white Turtles; and with prayers, besought
That Juno's lasting favors would descend,
And make their pleasures, pleasures without end.

With that a horrid crack of dreadful thunder,
Possess'd each trembling heart with fear and wonder,
The Rafter's of the holy Temple shook,
As if accursed Archimagoes Book
(That cursed Legion) had been newly read :
The ground did tremble, and a mist o'er-spread
The darkned Altar,

At length, deep silence did possess and fill
The spacious Temple ; all was whist and still.
When, from the clouded Altar, brake the sound
Of Heavenly Musick, such as would confound
With death, or ravishment, the earth-bred ear,
Had not the Goddess given it strength to bear
So strong a rapture. As the Musick ended,
The mist on sudden vanish'd, and ascended

From whence it came. The *Altar* did appear,
 And *ashes* lying, where the *Turtlee* were :
 Near which, great *Hymen* stood, not seen before :
 His purple *Mantle* was embroidred ore (hold
 With *Crowns* of *Thorn*, 'mongst which you might be
 Some, here and there, (but very few) of gold ;
 Upon each little space, that did divide
 The severall *Crowns*, a *Gordian* knot was tide ;
 And turning to the *Priest* he thus began :

*What mean these Fumes ? Say, what hath mortal man
 To do with us ? What great request ? what suit
 Does now attend us, that they thus salute
 Our nostrils, with such acceptable savors ?
 Tell us, wherein do they implore the favors
 Of the pleas'd Gods ? for by the eternal Throne
 And Majesty of Heaven, it shall be done.*

Whereto, with bended knees, they thus reply'd :
 Great God ; this noble Bridegroom, and this Bride,
 Whom we, most humbly, here present before
 Great *Juno's* sacred *Altar*, do implore
 Your gracious aid ; that with your Nuptial bands
 Your Grace would please to tie their promis'd hands.

With that he straight descends the holy Stairs,
 And with his widened arms, divides and shares
 An equal blessing 'twixt them both, and said :

Noble Youth, and lovely Maid,
 Heaven accepts your pleasing fires,
 And hath granted your desires :
 By the mystery of our power,
 First, we consecrate this hower
 To *Juno's* name, that she would bless
 Our prosperous actions with success,
 With this Oyl (which we appoint
 For holy uses) we anoint
 Your Temples, and with Nuptial bands
 Thus we firmly joyn your hands :
 Be joyn'd for ever ; and let none
 Presume t'undo, what we have done :

Be joynd till lawless Death shall sever
Both hands and hearts; be joynd for ever:
Eternal curses we allot
To those, till then, shall loose this knot.
So said, he blest them both in *Juno's* name,
And from their sight he vanish in a flame:
That done, they rose, and with new Fumes saluted
The smoaking *Altar*: Thrice they prostituted
Their bended bodies on the holy ground,
Where, sending forth the well accepted sound
Of *Thanks* and *Vows*, from their divided heart,
They kiss the sacred *Altar*, and depart:
And, with the self-same *Triumph* as they came,
Returned; whil'st the louder *Trump* of Fame
With a full blast sends forth a shrill retreat,
And re-conducts them to the *Hall of State*,
Whose richly furnishd Table would invite
A bed-ridden stomach to an appetite;
And make the wasteful *Gutton* that does eat
His unearn'd dyet with his daily sweat,
Behold his heaven in a more ample measure,
Than he had hopes to purchase, with the treasure
Of his best faith; such were the dainties, such
The viands, that I dare not think too much
To term it *Paradise*, where all things did
Offer themselves, and nothing was forbid:
Soon as the *Marshal* of this princely Feast
Had in his rightful seat, plac'd every guest,
A soft harmonious rapture did confine
All tongues with wonder, as a thing divine.
Forthwith, with joynd hands and smiling faces,
With habits more unequal than their paces,
A jolly pair drew near the Table; th' one
In green: His pamper'd body had out grown
His seam-ript garments, all embroider'd over (ver
With spreading Vines, whose fruitful leaves did co-
Their swelling Clusters; his out-strutting eyes
Star'd in his head; his dropsie-swollen thighs
Quagg'd as he went; his purple colour'd snout
Was deeply furnishd and enrich about

With *Caruncles*; around his brows did twine
Full laden Clusters, ravish't from the *Vine*.

The other was a *Lady*, whom the Sun
With his bright rayes had too much gaz'd upon:
The colour of her silken mantle was
"Twixt green and yellow, like the fading grass:
On which were wrought enclosed fields of Corn,
Some reap'd, some bound in sheaves, & some unshorn:
Wel-favor'd was her count'nance, plump & round:
Her golden Tresses dangled to the ground:
Her Temples bound with full ripe ears of *Wheat*,
Wreath'd like a *Garland*: Frequent drops of sweat
Down from her swarthy brows did sily trickle,
And in her Sun-burnt hand she bare a *Sickle*.
Thus usher'd, with a *Bag-pipe* to the Table,
They both stood mute: *Bacchus* as yet unable
To challenge language from his breathless tongue,
Till smiling *Ceres* thus began the song.

VV Elcome fairest Virgin-Bride,
Welcome to our jolly Feast:

Taste what *Ceres* did provide.

For so fair, so fair a Guest.

Bacch. Taste what *Bacchus* did provide.

For so fair, so fair a Guest.

Welcome fairest Virgin-Bride,

Welcome to our jolly Feast.

Chor. Our conjoynd bounties do

Make *Mars* smile, and *Venus* too.

Ceres. Welcome noble Bridegroom hither;

Worlds of bliss, and joy attend ye:

Freely welcome both together.

See what *Ceres* bounty sends ye.

Bacch. Freely we come both together.

See what *Bacchus* bounty sends ye.

Welcome noble Bridegroom hither:

Worlds of bliss, and joy attend ye.

Chor. Our conjoynd bounties do

Make *Mars* smile, and *Venus* too.

Ceres

Ceres. Here is that, whose sweet variety
Gives you pleasure and delight :
Makes you full without satiety :
Wastes the day, and hastes the night.

Bacch. This will rouse the man of war,
When the drum shall beat in vain,
When his spirits drooping are,
This will make them rise again.

Chor. You that joyntly do inherit
Venus beauty, Mars his spirit,
Freely taste our bounty ; so
Mars shall smile, and Venus too.

The Song thus ended, joyning hands together,
They bow'd & vanish, none knew how, nor whither.
To make relation of each quaint devise,
That art presented their unwearied eyes :
The nature of their mirth, of their discourse :
The dainties of the first, the second course :
The secret glances of the *Bridegrooms* eye
On his fair *Bride*, how oft she blush'd, and why,
Were but to rob the *Bridegroom* of his right,
Who counts each hour a Summers day till night.
Me thinks it grieves me, that my Pen should wrong
Poor Lovers disappointed hopes so long :

And it repents me so, that oftentimes
Me thinks I could be angry with my Rimes,
And for the cruel sins that they commit
In being tedious, some I wish unwrit :
Let it suffice, what glory, what delight,
What state, or what to please the appetite,
The eye, the ear, the fancy : In a word,
What joy so short a season could afford
To well prepared hearts, was here express'd
In this our Nuptial, this our Princely Feast,

Thus when the board was voided, and the *Supper*
Had now resign'd his office with the *Supper*,
The curious Linnen gone : and all the rights
Perform'd, that 'long to festival delights :
The light-foot *Hermes* enters in the Hall,
Holds forth the *Caduce*, and adjures them all .

To depth of silence ; tells them, 'tis his task
 To let them know, the Gods intend a Mask,
 To grace these Nuptials ; and with that he spread
 His air-dividing pinions and fled.

Mask When silence thus had charmed every ear
 With wonder and attention, they might hear
 The winged Quiristers of night, about
 In every corner, sweetly warbling out
 Their Philomelian airs, and wilder note,
 Which nature taught them to divide by rote ;
 So that the Hall did seem a shady Grove,
 Wherein by turns, th' ambitious Quire strove
 To excel themselves.
 While thus their ears were feeding with delight
 Upon these strains, the Goddess of the Night
 Enters the Scene : Her body was confin'd
 Within a coal-black Mantle, thorow lin'd
 With sable Furs : Her Tresses were of biew
 Like Ebony, on which a Pearly dew
 Hung, like a Spiders Web ; her face did shrowd
 A swarthy Complexion, underneath a cloud
 Of black curl'd Cypress : On her head, she wore
 A Crown of burnisht Gold, bespaded o'er
 With Fogs and Hory mist ; her hand did bear
 A Scepter and a sable Hemisphere :
 She sternly shook her dewy Locks, and brake
 A Melancholy smile, and thus bespake :

Drive on, drive on, (dull Waggoner) let slip
 Your looser reins, and use thine idle whip,
 Thy pamper'd Steeds are purtie, drive away,
 The lower world thinks long to see the day :
 Darkness befits us best ; and our delight
 Will relish far more sweeter in the night :
 Approach (ye blessed Shadows) and extend
 Your early jurisdiction, and befriend
 Our nightly sports : Approach, make no delay,
 It is your Queen, your Sovereign calls away.

With that, a sudden darkness fill'd the Hall :
 The light was banisht, and the windows all.

*So neerly clos'd their eye-lids round about,
That day could not get in, nor darkness out :
Thus while the death-resembling shades of night
Had drawn their misty Curtains 'twixt the light
And every darkned eye, which was deny'd
To see, but that, which darkness could not hide :
The jealous God, fearing he knows not whom,
(Indeed whom fears he not ?) enters the room,
And with his club-foot groping in the shade
Of night, he mutter'd forth these words, and said :*

*Val
Spe*

*Where is this wanton Harlot now become ?
Is light so odious to her ? or is home
So homely in her wandering eyes, that she
Must still be rambling, where unknown to me ?
Can nothing be concluded, nothing done,
But intermeddling Venus must be one ?
Is 't not enough that Phæbus does applaud
Her lust, but must Night's Goddess be her baud ?
Darkness be gone, thou Patroness to lust :
If fair means may not rid thee, fouler must,
Away ; my power shall out-charm thy charms,
I'll finde her panting in her lovers arms.
Enter you Lamplights of terrestrial fire,
And let your Golden-heads (at least) conspire,
To counterfeit a day, and on the night
Revenge the wrongs of Phæbus with your light.*

*So said, the darkned Hall was garnisht round
With lighted Tapers : Every object found
An eye to own it, and each eye was fill'd
With pleasure in the object it beheld.*

*As these deviseful changes did incite
Their quickned fancies, with a fresh delight,
Morpheus came in : His dreaming pace was so,
That none could say he mov'd, he mov'd so slow :
His folded arms, athwart his brest, did knit
A sluggards knot, his nodding chin did hit
Against his panting bosom, as he past :
And oftentimes his eyes were closed fast :
He wore a Crown of Poppy on his head :
And, in his hand he bore a Mice of Lead :*

He yawned thrice, and after homage done,
To nights black Sovereign. he thus begun :

the- Great Empress of the World, To whom I ow
sch, My self, my service, my perpetual vow :
Before the footstool of whose dreadful throne
The Princes of this lower world lay down
Their Crowns and Scepters ; whose victorious hand
In twice twelve hours did conquer and command
This globe of earth, your servant (whose dependance
Quickens his power) comes to give attendance
Upon the early shadows, and to seise
Upon these wearied Mortals, when you please
To appoint ; till then, your servant is at hand
To put in execution your command.
To whom the smiling Goddess thus rep'nd.

God- Morpheus, Our pleasure is to let aside
of This right to mirth, and time-beguiling sports ;
of nights Our sleep restraining business much imports
of Your welcome at sence, whilst our ears shall number
The flying hours ; our nirth admits no slumber,
The word scarce ended, but the Queen of Love
Descended from her unseen seat, above :
In her fair hand she led her winged Son,
And like a full mow'd tempest thus begun :

as Dill'yal Sycophant, Deaths Battard Brother,
sch to Accursed spawn, cast from as curs'd a Mother :
of Th- That with thy base impostures risest man
Of half his days, of half that little span
Nature hath lent his life, that with thy wiles
Hugg'st him to death, betray'st him with thy smiles,
What mak'st thou here, and to usurp my right,
Perfidious Caitiff ? Venus day is night :
Go to the frozen World, where mans desire
Is a Ice of Ice, and melts before the fire,
Yet ne'r the warmer : Go, and visit fools,
Or Phlegmatick old age, whose spirits cools
As quickly as their breath : Go, what have we
To do (cull Morpheus) with thy Mace, or thee
As leaden as thy Mace ? Th'art made for nought,
But to still children, or to ease the thought

Of Brain-sick *Phranticks*; or, with joys to flatter
 Poor slumbring souls, which wak'd, find no such mat-
 Go succor those, that vent by quick retail (ter:
 Their wits, upon dear peny-worths of Ale:
 Or marrow'd *Eunuchs*, whose adust desire
 Wants means to slake the fury of their false fire.
 O that I were a *Basilisk*, that I
 Might dart my venome, or else venom'd die.

Boy, bend thy bow, and with thy forked dart,
 Drawn to the head, thrill, thrill him to the heart:
 Let flie Deaths Arrow, or it thou hast none,
 In Deaths name send an arrow of thine own:
 We are both wrong'd, and in the same degree:
 Shoot then at once, revenge thy self and me.

With that the little angry God did bend
 His steelen Bow, and in Deaths name did send
 His winged Messenger, whose faithful hast
 Dispatcht his iresul errand; and stuck fast
 Within his pierced Liver, and did hide
 His singing Feathers in his wounded side.
 Morpheus fell down, as dead, and on the ground
 Lay for a little season in a stround,
 Gasping for breath. And Lovers dreams (they say)
 Have overmore been wanton since that day:
 Venus was pleas'd: The Goddess of the night
 Grew angry; she would needs resign her right
 Of Government, and in a spleen threw down
 Her Hemisphere, her Scepter, and her Crown:
 And, with a duskie fogg she did besmear
 The face of Venus, soil'd her golden hair
 With her black shades, and with foul terms revil'd
 Both her, her cuckold mine, and bastard childe:
 Whereat the God of War, being much offended,
 Forsook both seat and patience, and descended:
 And, to the world, he proffer'd to make good
 Fair Venus honor, with his dearest blood:
 To whom poor Vulcan (passing in a rage,
 To hear his well known fortune on the stage)
 Scald'd many a tank; And with his crutching knee
 Proffest true love to such true friends as he.

And.

And ever since, experience lets us know,
Cuckolds are kinde to such as make them so:

*By this God Morpheus waking from his swoond,
Began to groan; and from his aking wound
Drew forth the buried shaft; but Mars (whose word
Admits no other second, but his sword)*

*Unsheath'd his furious Brandiron, and let flie
A blow at Morpheus head, which had wel-nigh
Cloven him in twain, had not the Queen of night
Hurl'd hasty mists before his darkned sight:*

*So that the Sword, by a false guided aim,
Struck Vulcans foot, which ever since was lame:
At last the Gods came down, and thought it good*

*To nip this early quarrel in the bud:
Who fearing uproar, with a friendly cup
Of blest Nepenthe, took the quarrel up:
And, for th offence committed, did proclaim
This sentence in offended Juno's name.*

*Morphew from hence is banisht, for this night,
And not t'approach before the morning light:
Mars is exil'd for ever, as a guest
Adjudg'd unfitting for a marriage Feast.
Cupid is doom'd to rome and rove about
To the worlds end, and both his eyes put out.
Venus is censur'd to perpetual night,
And not (unless by stealth) to see the light:
Her chiefest joy to be but pleasing folly,
Perform'd with madness, dog'd with melancholy,*

*And here the Musick did invite their paces
To measure time, and by exchange of places
To lead the curious beholders eye
A willing captive to variety.*

*Thus, with the sweet vacillitude of mirth
They spent the time, as if that Heaven and Earth
Had judg'd to please man, in such a measure,
That Art could not do more t'augment their pleasure:
And so they vanisht.*

Now Ceres Evening bounty re-invites
Her noble guests, to her renew'd delights:

And

And frolick *Bacchus*, to refresh their souls
With a full hand, presents his swelling Bowls.
Wine came unwilht, like water from a source :
And delicates were mingled with discourse :
What art could do to make a welcome guest,
Was liberally presented at that Feast.

It was no sooner ended, but appears
An old gray Pilgrim deeply struck in years,
In tatter'd garments : In his wrinkled hand
An hour-glass, lab'ring with her latest sand ;
Beneath his arm, a Buffen Knapfack hung
Stuff full of writings in an unknown tongue,
Chronologies, out dated *Almanacks*,
And *Patents*, that had long surviv'd their wax :
Unto his shoulders *Eagle-wings* were joyn'd :
His head ill-thatcht before, but bald behinde :
And leaning on his crooked *Sythe*, he made
A little pause, and after that, he said :

Mortals 'tis out, my Glass is run,
And with it the day is done :
Dark shadows have expell'd the light,
And my Glass is turn'd for night :
The Queen of darkness bids me say,
Mirth is fitter for the day :
Upon the day, such joys attend,
With the day such joys must end.
Think not, Darkness goes about,
Like death, to puff your pleasures out.
No, no, she'll lend you new delights,
She hath pleasures for the nights.
When as her shadows shall benight ye,
She hath what shall still delight ye :
Aged Time shall make it known,
She hath dainties of her own :
'Tis very late, away, away,
Let day sports expire with day :
For this time we adjourn your Feast :
The Bridegroom fain would be at rest :
And if the night-pastimes displease ye,
Day will quickly come, and ease ye.

With

With that, a sweet Vermilian tincture stain'd
 The *Brides* fair Cheeks : The more that she restrain'd
 Her blush, the more her disobedient blood
 Did overflow ; as if a second flood
 Had meant to rise, and, for a little space,
 To drown that world of beauty in her face :
 She blush'd ; (but knew not why) and like the *Moon*,
 She look'd most red, upon her going down.

But see : The smiling Ladies do begin
 To joyn their whispering heads, as there had been
 A plot of treason ; till at length, unspied,
 They stole away th'unwilling-willing *Bride* :
 Their busie hands unrob'd her, and so led
 The timorous Virgin to her Nuptial bed.

By this, the *Nobles* having recommended
 Their tongues to silence, their discourse being ended
 They look'd about, and thinking to have done
 Their service to the *Bride*, the *Bride* was gone :
 And now the *Bridegroom* (unto whom delay
 Seem'd worse than death) could brook no longer
 Attended by his noble guests, he enters (stay :
 That room, where th'exchangeable *Indentures*
 Of dearest love, lay ready to be seal'd
 With mutual pleasures not to be reveal'd.

His garments grew too tedious, and their waight
 (Not able to be born) do over-fraight
 His weary shoulders : *Atlas* never stoop'd
 Beneath a greater burthen, and not droopt :
 No help was wanting, for he did receive
 What sudden aid he could expect, or have
 From speedy hands, from hands that did not waste
 The time ; unless (perchance) by over-haste :
 Mean while, a dainty warbling brest, not strong,
 As sweet, presents this *Epithalmion* Song,

*Man of War, march bravely on,
 The Field's not easie to be won :
 There's no danger in that war,
 Where Lips, both Swords and Buck'ers are,
 Here's no aid to chide thee,*

A Bed of Down's thy Field :

Here's no Sword to kill thee,

Unless thou please to yield,

Here is nothing will incumber,

Here will be no scars to number :

These be wars of Cupids making,

These be wars will keep you waking,

Till the early breaking day

Call your forces hence, away.

These be wars that make no spoil,

Death here shoots his shafts in vain :

Though the Soldiers get a foil,

He will renew and fight again,

These be wars that never cease,

But conclude a mutual Peace.

Let benign and prosperous Stars,

Breathe success upon these wars,

And when thrice three months be run,

Be thou a Father of a Son :

A Son that may derive from thee

The honor of true merit.

And may to ages, yet to be,

Convey thy blood, thy spirit :

Making the glory of his name

Perpetuate, and crown thy name,

And give it life in spite of death,

When Fame shall want both trump & bread

Have you beheld in a fair Summers Even

The Golden-headed Charrioter of Heaven,

With what a speed his prouder reins do bend.

His panting horses to their journeys end ?

How red he looks, with what a swift career

He hurries to the lower Hemispher,

And in a moment shoots his Golden-head

Upon the Pillow of blushing ~~Their~~ bed :

Even so the Bridegroom (whose desire had wings

More swit than Time, switcht on with pleasure)

Into his Nuptial bed ; and look how fast (springs

The stooping Faulcon clips, and with what haste

He

Her talons seize upon the timorous prey,
 Even so his arms (impatient of delay)
 His circling arms embrac'd his blushing Bride,
 While she (poor Soul) lay trembling by his side:

The Bridegroom now grows weary of his guests,
 What mirth of late was pleasing, now molests
 His tired patience: Too much sweet offends:
 Sometimes to be forsaken of our friends,
 In *Cupid's* Morals, is observ'd to be
 The Fruits of friendship, in the best degree.
 And thus at last, the Curtains being clos'd,
 They left them, each in others arms repos'd.

And here my Muse bids draw our Curtains too,
'Tis unfit to see what private Lovers do:
 Reader, let not thy thoughts grow over-rank,
 But vail thy understanding with a Blank,
 Think not on what thou think'st; and, if thou canst,
 Yet understand not what thou understandst.

Sow not thy fruitful heart with so poor seeds;
 Or if, perchance (unsown) they spring like weeds,
 Use them like weeds, thou know'st not how to kill:
 Slight them, and let them thrive against thy will:
 View them like evils, that Art cannot prevent,
 But see thou take no pleasure in their scent.

And one thing more: When as the morning light
 Shall bring the bashful Bride into thy sight,
 Be not too cruel: Let no wanton eye

Disturb, and wrong her conscious modesty:
 And if she blush, examine not for what:
 Nay, though thou see it (Reader) see it not.

And shall our story discontinue here?
 Or want a period, till another year?
 Shall we befriend these Lovers, with the night,
 And leave them buried in their own delight,
 And so conclude? No, it shall ne'r be sed,
 That marriage joys end in the marriage Bed:
 Fond and adulterate is that love, which founds
 Her happiness on such unstable grounds:
 And, like a sudden blaze, it never lasts,
 But as the pleasure waxes cold, it wastes.

Now

Now *Argalus* awakes, and now the light
Is even as welcom to him as the night :
His eyes are fixt upon his lovely Bride,
Whiles she lies sweetly slumbring by his side :
She sleeps, he views her : Thrice his minde was bent
To call *Parthenia*, and thrice it did repent :
Sometim'es his lips, with a stoln kiss would greet
Her guiltless lips : (*They say stoln goods are sweet*)
At length, she wakes, and hides her blushing cheeks
In his warm bosom, where she safely seeks
For *Sanctuary*, whereunto should flie
The guilt of her protect'd modesty :
He smiles, and whispers in her deafn'd ear ;
(*Woman can understand, and yet not hear*)
He speaks, but she (even whilst his lips were breaking
Their words) with hers, did stop his lips frō speaking.
When thrice three Suns had now almost out-worn
The rare solemnities that did adorn
These Princely Nuptials, and had made report,
Grow something sparing in th' *Arcadian* Court,
The *Bridegroom* whose endeavors were addrest,
To practice what might please his fair *Bride* best,
Resolv'd to leave *Kalandar's* house, and crown
Parthenia sole Commandress of her own :
Long was it ere *Kalandar's* liberal ear
Could be unlockt ; it had no power to hear
The word farewell : Still *Argalus* intreated,
And fram'd excuses ; which he soon defeated.
But as the stout *Alcides* did cashier
One rising head, another would appear :
Even so, whilst his ingenuous love did smother
One cause of parting, he would finde another.
Kalandar thus at last, (being over-wrought
Wigh words, which importunity had taught
Inexorable *Argalus*) was fain
To yield, what he so long gain-said, in vain.
'Tis now concluded, *Argalus* must go,
But yet *Kalandar* must not leave them so :
There is no parting, till the aged Sire
Shall warm his fingers by *Parthenia's* fire,

Parthenia swes, *Kalandar* must not rest,
Till he become *Parthenias* promis'd guest.

The morrow next, when *Titans* early ray
Had given fair earnest of a fairer day :
And, with his trembling beams, had repossest
The eyes of Mortals, newly rouz'd from rest,
They left *Kalandars* Castle ; and that night
Arriv'd they at the *Palace of Delight* :
(For so 'twas call'd) it was a goodly seat,
Well chosen ; not capacious, as neat :
Yet was it large enough to entertain
A potent Prince, with all his Princely train :
It seem'd a Centre to a Park, well stor'd
With Deer, whose wel-thriven bounty did afford
Continual pleasure and delight ; nay, what
That Earth calls good, this Seat afforded not ?
Th'impatient Faulkner here may learn to say
Forgotten prayers, and blest him every day.
The patient Angler, here, may tire his wish,
And (if he please) may swear, and yet catch fish.
The sneaking Fowler may go holdly on,
And ne'r want sport until his powder's done :
And to conclude, there was no stint, no measure
To th'old mans profit, or the yong mans pleasure :
Thither this night the Nuptial troup is gone :
And now *Parthenia's* welcome to her own.
But would you hear what entertainment past ?
Conceive it rather ; for my quill would waste
Th'unthriving stock of my belpoken time,
While such free bounty cannot stand with time :
But that which most did season, and imbellish
Their choice delights, and gave the truest relish
To their best mirth, and pleasures ; was, to see
With what a sweet conjugal harmony
All things were carried : Every word did prove
To add some acquisition to their love :
So one they were, that none could justly say,
Which of them rul'd, or whether did obey :
He rul'd, because she would obey ; and she,
In thus obeying, rul'd as well as he :

What

What pleased him, would need no other cause
To please her too, but onely his applause ;
A happy pair, whose double life, but one :
Made one life double, and the single, none.

Thus when th' unconstant Lady of the night
Had chang'd her sharped horns, for an orb of light :
Kalandar (whose occasions grew too strong,
And may not be dispens'd withal too long)
Takes leave, and (being equal heavy hearted
With sad *Parthenia* for his haste) departed :
But *Argalus* (who never yet could own
Himself with more advantage than alone)
And fair *Parthenia* (whose wel-pleas'd desire
Hopes nothing else, if *Argalus* be by her)
Need not the help of any to augment
The better joys of their retir'd content :

Sometimes the curious Garden would invite
Their gentle paces to her proud delight : (pleasure,
Sometimes the wel-stor'd Park would change their
And tender to her view, their light-foot treasure :
Where th' unmolested Herd would seem to stand,
And crave a death at fair *Parthenias* hand :
Somtimes her steps would climb th' ambitious *Tower*,
From whose aspiring too they might discover
A little Commonwealth of Land, which none
But *Argalus*, durst challenge as his own :
Sometimes (for change of pleasure) he wou'd read
Selected stories, whilst her ears would feed
Upon his lips, and now and then a kiss
Would interpose like a *Parenthesis*,
Between their semicircled arms, inclos'd :
(*O what dull spirit could be indispos'd
To read such lines !*). And whilst upon the Book
His eyes were fix'd, her pleas'd eyes would look
Upon the graceful Reader, and elpy
A story far more pleasing, in his eye.

Upon a day as they were closely seated,
Her ears attending, whilst his lips repeated
A story, treating the renown'd adventures
And famous acts of great *Alcides* ; enters

A Messenger, whose countenance did bewray
 A haste too serious to admit delay :
 His hand presents him Letters, which did bring
 Their sealed errand from th' Arcadian King :
 Whereat Parthenia rose, and stept aside :
 Her thoughts were troubled ; ever as she ey'd
 The messenger, her colour comes and goes.
 Parthenia fears, and yet Parthenia knows
 Not what to fear : Her jealous heart knows how
 To fear an evil, because it fears to know :
 And as he read the lines, her eye was fixt
 Upon his eye, which seem'd to strive betwixt
 A thousand thwarting passions : Once he cast
 His eyes upon her, and finding hers so fast
 On his, he blusht, she blusht, both blusht together,
 Because they blusht for what, unknown to either.
 The Letter being read, (and having kist
 Basilus name) he speedily dismiss
 The Messenger, with promise to obey
 Basilus just commands without delay :
 That done, he took Parthenia by the hand,
 His dear Parthenia, by the trembling hand :
 And to her greedy eye he straight presents
 The Paper ; ballac'd with its sad contents :
 Parthenia, with a fearful slowness took it :
 And with a fearful haste did overlook it :
 Her face being blanch'd with the pallid signs
 Of what she fear'd to soon, she read these lines,

Basilus Rex.

W Hereas the famous and victorious name
 Of Great Amphialus, makes the trump of Fame
 Breathe nothing but his conquests, and renown :
 Whose lawless actions Fortune strives to crown
 (In spite of Justice) with a Victors merit,
 Respecting more the greatness of his spirit,
 Than justness of his cause ; to the dishonor
 Of vertue, and all such as wait upon her.
 And furthermore ; whereas his power is known
 To oppugn the welfare of our State and Crown.

Wub

With strong rebellion, to the high advancement
 Of his disloyal glory, and inbancement
 Of his perfidious name, the great increase
 Of factions, and disturbance of our peace :
 Likewise, whereas his high prevailing hand
 (Against the force whereof no flesh can stand)
 Could ne'r be equal'd yet, much less o'come :
 But with loud triumph, still does carry home
 The spoils of our lost honor, to the same
 Of his rebellious glory, and our shame :
 We therefore in our princely care prepending
 The serious premisses, and much depending
 On your kn. wn courage, have selected you
 To stand our Champion Royal, and renew
 Our wasted honor, with your Sword and Lance
 In equal Duel : Thus you shall advance
 The glorious pitch of your renowned name
 With the brave purchase of eternal fame :
 In this you shall receive our dying glory,
 And live the subject of this ages story,
 (Which shall be read till time shall have an end)
 And the Basilus your perpetual friend.

To our Right Trusty and Noble

Kinsman Argalus.

But as she read, her tears did trickle down
 Upon the lines, as if they meant to drown
 Th'unwelcome message, and at length, she said,

Ah me (my Argalus) was t' this you made
 Such haste to answer ? didst thou answer need
 To be returned with so great a speed ?
 Can you, O can you be so quickly won
 To leave your poor Parthenia, and be gone ?

To whom resolved Argalus (whose eye
 Was fixt upon his honor) made reply,
 My dear Parthenia, were it to obtain
 The unsund' wealth of Pluto ; or to gain
 The sovereignty of the Earth without expence
 Of blood or sweat, without the least pretence
 Of danger, my ambition would despise
 The easie conquest of so great a prize,

If purchas'd by thy discontent, or by
 The poorest tear that trickles from thine eye.
 But to recal my promise, or forsake
 That resolution honor bids me make
 In this behalf, or to betray that trust
 Repos'd in me, the Gods would be unjust,
 (And not themselves) if they should but command
 Or urge me, with an over swaying hand:
 My dear Parthenia: Let no false suggestion
 Abuse thy passion; or presume to question
 My dearest love, though honor bids us part,
 Yet honor cannot rob thee of my heart:
 Honor, that calls me with her loud alarms,
 Will bring me back with Triumph to thine arms.
 So said, the sad Parthenia (whose tears
 Are turn'd Lieutenants to her tongue) forbears
 To tempt her Language: Griefs that are but small
 Can speak, when great ones cannot vent at all:
 But tender-hearted Argalus (to whom
 Such silence speaks too loud) forsook the room:
 And, with a breast, as full of pensive care,
 As honor, gave directions to prepare
 His warlike Steed, his Martial attire,
 And all things, such employment does require.

And here O thou, thou great supreme Protectress
 Of bolder spirits, and the sole directress
 Of lofty flying quills, which shall derive
 To after-times, what glorious swords achieve:
 And mak'st the actions of heroic spirits
 Perpetuate, and crown their names, their merits:
 Illustrious Clio: Aid me and inspire
 My ragged rhimes, with thy diviner fire:
 Teach me to raise my stile, and to attain
 A pitch, that may transcend the vulgar strain:
 Reach me a quill, rent from an Eagles wing:
 And let my ink be blood; that I may sing
 Death to the life: Let him that reads, expound,
 Each dash, a sword, and every word a wound.

By this, the Champion Royal had put on
 His Martial weeds; but hasting to be gone,

The poor *Parthenia*, whose cold fit once past
 (Like those in agues) now does burn as fast :
 She leaves the lonely room, and coming out
 She finds her *Argalus*, inclos'd about
 With glittering walls of Steel ; apparel'd round
 In his bright arms (whom she had rather found
 Lockt up in hers) and wanting nothing now
 But what her lips could not (poor Soul) allow
 Without a Sea of Tears, her last farewell,
 She ran unto him, wept, and weeping fell
 Upon her knees. she clasp'd him by the arm,
 And looking up, she thus began to charm :

My Argalus, my Argalus, my Dear :
And wilt thou go, and leave Parthenia here ?
Wilt thou forsake me then ? and can these tears
Not intercede betwixt thy deafned ears
And my sad fate ? Canst thou, O canst thou go
And leave thy poor distressed Parthenia so ?
Parthenia sues, Parthenia does implore,
Parthenia begs, that never beg'd before :
Remember, O Remember you are, now,
Under the power of a sacred vow :
Honor must stoop to vows, which once being crack'd
You cannot do an honorable act :

I have a right unto you ; you are mine :
I have that int'rest which I'll ne'r resign
Till death : I'll never hazard to forego
My whole estate of happiness, at one throw :
No, no, I will not : I will hold thee fast
In spite of Honor, and be nine days blast :
Your former acts have given sufficient proof
To the wide world ; your valor's known enough
Without a farther trial ; there's now
To lose their lives (less worthy) besides you :
'Twas then a time for arms, when you had none,
None other left to venture, but your own :
Excuse me then, that onely do endeavor
To hold mine own, which now I must, or never :
Mine, mine you are, and you can undertake
No danger, but Parthenia must partake :

*Shall your Parthenia be indanger'd then ?
 Parthenia shall be present, even when
 The strokes fall thickest ; and Parthenia shall
 Suffer what ere to Argalus may befall :
 Parthenia, in your greatest pain, shall smart ;
 Your blood shall trickle from Parthenia's heart.
 Can prayers obtain no place ? by this dear hand,
 The sacred Pledge of our Conjugal band,
 By all the pleasures of our dearest love :
 By Heaven, and all the heavenly powers above :
 Or if those motives cannot finde a room,
 Yet by the tender fruit, that in my womb
 Begins to bud ; or if ought else appear
 To thy best thoughts more precious or more dear,
 By that forsake me not, although the rest
 Prevail not, Grant this first, this last request.*

*To whom the broken-hearted Argalus,
 Wearied, but not o'rcome, made answer thus :
 My dear Parthenia : Thy desires never
 Gainsaid my will, till now : Do not persevere
 To crave that boon, I cannot grant : Forbear
 To urge me : Resolution hath no ear.
 Weep not, (my joy) let not these drops of thine,
 That trickle from so fair an eye, divine
 A soul success : Chear up, a smile or two
 Would make me half a conqueror, ere I go :
 Shine forth, and let no envious cloud benight
 The glorious luster of so fair a light :
 Doubt not my life ; the justness of my cause,
 That brings me on, will quit me with applause :
 Fear not, that such a blessing, such a wife
 Was e'r intended for so short a life :
 Expect my safe return ; as quick, as glorious :
 My genius tells me, I shall live victorious.*

*So said, as if that passion had forgot
 Her mother tongue, her tongue replied not :
 But, like to one, new stricken with the thunder,
 She stood betwixt amazement, fear and wonder :
 His lips took leave, and as his arms surrounded
 Her feeble waste, the strait fell down, and swoounded*

But *Argalus* transported with the tide
And tyranny of honor, could abide
No longer stay ; he trusts her to the guard
Of her own women ; left her, and repair'd
Unto the Camp ; wherein, he spent some days,
In parley with *Amphialus* ; and assays
By all perswasive means, to make him yield
To just demands, and not to stain the field
With needles blood : But finding him unapt
For peaceful counsel (being strongly rapt
With his own fame) and scorning to afford
His ear to any language, but the sword,
He ceas'd t'advise him ; and (enforc'd to try
A rougher *Dialect*) wrote him this desie :

Renown'd *Amphialus*,
If strong perswasions, backt with Reasons, could
Been honor'd with your ear, your wisdom would,
In yielding to so fair a peace, have won
As ample glory, as your sword hath done :
You should have conquer'd souls, where now at most,
You can subdue but bodies, that have lost
The power to resist : But since my suit,
Sown on so barren soil, can finde no fruit ;
Receive a mortal challenge from a hand,
Whose justice takes a glory to withstand
So foul a cause, and labors to subdue
Your heedless errors, whilst it honors you :
Compose you then, to make a reparation,
According to your noble wonted fashion :
And think not slight of ne'r so weak an arm
That strikes, when justice strikes up her alarm,

Argalus.

No sooner had he read it, but his pen,
With noble speed, return'd these lines agen :

Much more renowned *Argalus*,
Your faithful servant, whose victorious brow
Was never daunted yet, is daunted now
By your brave courtesie, being stricken dumb
With your rare worth, and fairly overcome :

Yet doubting not the justness of my cause
 (That's over-ruled by the sacred Laws
 Of dearest love) will give my Sword the power
 Even to maintain it, to the latest hour:
 I shall expect your coming in the Ile,
 Where, with a heart, (not payson'd with the bile
 Or gall of malice) with my dearest blood,
 Your servant shall be ready to make good
 His just designs; assured of no less
 Than treble fame, if crown'd with success:
 If not, ther's no dishonor can accrue
 In being conquer'd, and o'come by you.

Amphialus.

Soon after *Argalus*, (whose blood did boyl
 To be in action) comes into the Ile,
 Clad in white Armor, gilt and strangely drest
 With knots of Womans hair, which from his crest
 Hung dangling down, and with their bounteous trea-
 O'rspr'd his Corset in a lib'ral measure: (sure
 His curious furniture was fashion'd out,
 Like to a flying Eagle, round about
 Beset with plumes, whose crooked beak (being cast
 Into a costly Jewel) was made fast
 To th' saddle bow: Her spreading train did cover
 His crooper, whilst the trappers seem to hover
 Like wings, that, to the fixt beholders eye
 As the horse pranc'd, the Eagle seem'd to flie,
 Upon his arm (his threatening arm) he wore
 A sleeve, all curiously embroider'd o'er
 With bleeding hearts, which fair *Parthenia* made
 (In those cross times, when fortune so betray'd
 Their secret love, and with a smiling frown
 Dash'd their false hopes) as copies of her own.
 Upon his shield (for his device) he set
 Two neighb'ring Palms, whose budding branches met
 And twin'd together; the obscure Imprese
 Imported this: *Thus flourishing, as these.*
 His horse was of a fiery Sorrel, black
 His Main, his Feet, his Tail; on his proud back

A

A coal black Lift : his nostrils open wide,
 Breath'd War, before his sparkling eye descri'd
 An enemy to encounter ; up by turns,
 He lifts his hasty hoofs, as if he scorns
 The earth, or if his tabring feet had found
 A way to go, and yet ne'r change the ground.

By this, *Amphialus* (who all this while
 Thought minutes years) was landed in the Ile,
 In all respects provided, to afford

As bounteous entertainment, as the sword
 And Launce could give; and at the Trumpets sound,
 The Steeds, (that needed not a prick to wound
 Their bleeding flanks) both start, & with smooch run-
 Their staves, declining with unshaken cunning, (ning
 Perform'd their Masters will, with angry speed :

But *Argalus* his well instructed Steed
 Being hot, and full of courage, (fiercely led
 By his own pride) prest in his prouder head :
 The which when stout *Amphialus* espy'd
 (Well knowing it unsafe to give his side)
 Prest likewise in, so that both men and horse,
 Shouldring each other, with a double force
 Fell to the ground : But by accustom'd skill,
 And help of fortunes hand, that succors still
 Bold spirits, shun'd the danger of the fall,
 And had (less fear'd then hurt) no harm at all :
 They rose, drew forth their swords, which now begun
 To do what their left staves had left undone.

Have ye beheld a Leaguer ? In what sort
 The deep mouth'd Cannon plays upon the Fort,
 And how by peece-meals it doth batter down
 The yielding walls of the besieged Town ?
 Even so their swords (whose oft-repeated blows
 Could finde no patience yet to enterpose
 A breathing respite) with redoubled strength
 So hew'd their proofless armors, that at length
 Their failing trust began to prove unsound,
 And peece by peece they dropt upon the ground,
 Trusting their bodies to the bare defence
 Of vertue, and unarmed innocence :

Such deadly blows were dealt, and such requited,
That *Mars* himself stood ravish'd and affrighted
To see the cruel Combat; every blow
Did at two parts; both struck and guarded too
At self same instant. So incomparable
Their skilful quickness was, that none was able
To say, (although their watchful eyes attended
The strokes) who made the blow, or who defended:
Long was it ere their equal skill and force
Of arms could shew a better, or a worse:
Neither prevail'd as yet; yet both excell'd
In not prevailing. Neither eye beheld
More equal odds; no wound as yet could show
A drop of wasted blood, yet every blow
Was full of death: *When skilful Gamesters play,*
The Christmas-Box gains often more than they.

At length the sword of *Argalus* (that never
Thirsted so long in vain till now; nor ever
Made vict'ry doubtful for so long a space)
Fastned a wound on the disarmed face
Of the renown'd *Amphialus*, wherein
Had not his faithful shield born part, and been
An equal sharer, his unequal fo,
No doubt, had sun'd his conquest in that blow:
With that the stout *Amphialus*, whose harm
Gave sprightly quickness to his wounded arm,
Upheav'd his thirsty Brondyron, and let flie
A down-right blow; but with a falsifie
Revers'd the stroke, and left a gaping wound
In his right arm: But *Argalus*, that found
A loss of blood, exchang'd his open play,
And for his more advantage closely lay
Upon a lower guard; withal expecting
A hop'd revenge, which was not long effecting:
For whilst *Amphialus* (whose hopes inflam'd
His tyrannous thoughts with conquest, and proclaim'd
Undoubted victory) heap'd his strokes so fast
As if each blow had scorn'd to be the last,
The watchful *Argalus* (whose nimble eye
Dispos'd his time, in onely putting by

Put home a thrust, (his right foot coming in)
 And pierc'd his Navel, that the wound had been
 No less than death, if *Fortune* (that can turn
 A mischief to advantage) had forborn
 To shew a miracle; for with that blow
Amphialus last made, his arm had so
 O'erstruck it self; that sideward to the ground
 He fell; and falling, he receiv'd that wound
 Which (had he stood) had enter'd in, point blank,
 But falling, onely graz'd upon his flank:
 Being down, brave *Argalus* his threatening sword
 Bids yield; *Amphialus* answering not a word,
 (As one, whose mighty spirit did disdain
 A life of alms) but striving to regain
 His Legs, and Honor, *Argalus* let drive,
 With all the strength a wounded arm could give,
 Upon his head; but his hurt arm (not able
 To do him present service, answerable
 To his desires) let his weapon fall:
 With that *Amphialus* (though daz'd withal)
 Arose, but *Argalus* ran in, and graspt
 (Being clos'd together) with him, where both claspt
 And grip'd each in th'unfriendly arms of either,
 A while they grapled, grappling fell together,
 And on the ground, with equal fortune strove;
 Sometimes *Amphialus* was got above,
 And sometimes *Argalus*: Both joyn'tly vow'd
 Revenge; both wallow'd in their mingled blood,
 Both bleeding fresh: Now *Argalus* bid yield;
 And now *Amphialus*. Both would win the field,
 Yet neither could; at last, by free consent,
 They rose, and to their breathed swords they went:
 The Combat's now renew'd, both laying on,
 As if the fight had been but new begun:
 New wounds assuage the smarting of the old,
 And warm blood intermingles with the cold;
 But *Argalus* (whose wounded arm had lost
 More blood, than all his body could almost
 Supply; and like an unthrif, that expends
 So long as he hath either stock, or friends)

Bled more than his spent fountains could make good;
His spirit could give courage, but not blood.

As when two wealthy *Clients*, that wax old
In suit (whose learned *Counsel* can uphold,
And gloss the cause alike, on either side)
During the time their termly golden tide
Shall flow alike from both, 't is hard to say,
Who prospers best, or who shall get the *Day*,
But he, whose water first shall cease to flow,
And ebb so long, till it shall ebb too low,
His cause, (though richly laden to the brink
With right) shall strike upon the bar and sink,
And then an easie *Counsel* may unfold
The doubt; the question's ended, with the gold:
Even so our *Combatants*, the whilst their blood
Was equal spilt; the cause seem'd equal good,
The victory equal, equal was their arms,
Their hopes were equal, equal was their harms,
But when poor *Argalus* his wasting blood
Ebb'd in his veins, (although it made a flood
A precious flood, in the ungrateful field)
His cause, his strength (but not his heart) must yield.
Thus wounded *Argalus* the more he fail'd,
The more the proud *Amphialus* prevail'd:
With that, *Amphialus*, (whose noble strife
Was but to purchase honor, and not life)
Perceiving what advantage, in the fight
He gained, and the valor of the Knight,
Became his Suitor, that himself would please
To pity himself, and let the combat cease:
Which noble *Argalus* (that never us'd
In honor to part stakes) with thanks, refus'd:
(Like to a luckless gamster; who, the more
He loses, is less willing to give o'r)
And filling up his empty veins with spite,
Begins to sum his forces; and unite
His broken strength; and (like a Lamp that makes
The greatest blaze at going out) he takes
His sword in both his hands, and at a blow
Cleft armor, shield, and arm, almost in two:

But

But now enrag'd *Amphialus* forgets
All pity ; and trusting to his Cards, he sets
That stock of courage, treasur'd in his breast,
Making his whole estate of strength, his rest :
And views such blows, as *Argalus* could not see
Without his loss of life ; so thundred he
Upon his wounded body, that each wound
Seem'd like an open sluice of blood, that found
No hand to stop it, till the doleful cry
Of a most beauteous Lady, (who well-nigh
Had run her self to death) restrain'd his arm
(Perchance too late) from doing further harm :

It was the fair *Parthenia*, who at night
Had dream'd, she saw her Husband in the plight
She now had found him : Fear, and love together
Gave her no rest, till they had brought her thither :
The nature of her fear d.d now begin
T'expel the fear of Nature ; stepping in
Between their pointing swords, she prostrate lay
Before their blood-bedabled feet, to say
She knew not what ; for as her lips would strive
To be deliver'd, a deep sigh would drive
Th' abortive issue of her language forth,
Which, born untimely, perish'd in the birth :
And if her sighs would give her leave to vent it,
O, then a tear would trickle, and prevent it :
But when the wind of her loud sighs had laid
The shower of her tears, she sob'd and said :
O wretched eyes of mine ! O wailful sight !
O day of darkness ! O eternal night !
And there she stopt ; her eyes being fixt upon
Amphialus ; she sigh'd and thus went on :

My Lord :

'Tis said you love : Then by that sacred power
Of love, as you'd finde mercy in the hour
Of greatest misery, leave off ; and sheath
Your bloody sword ; or else if nought but death
May slake your anger, O let mine, let mine
Be a sufficient offering at the Shrine

Of your appeased thoughts, or, if you thirst
 For Argalus his life, then take mine first :
 Or, if for noble blood you seek, if so
 Accept of mine ; my blood is noble too,
 And worth the spilling : Even for her dear sake,
 Your tender soul affects, awake, awake
 Your noble mercy. Grant I care not whether :
 Let me die first, or kill us both together.

With that *Amphialus* was about to speak,
 But *Argalus* (whose heart did almost break
 To hear *Parthenia's* words) made this reply.

Parthenia, ah *Parthenia*, Then must I
 Be bought and sold for tears ? is my condition
 So poor, I cannot live, but by Petition ?
 So said ; he stept aside (for fear, by chance,
 The fury of some misguided blow may glance
 And touch *Parthenia*) and fill'd with high disdain,
 Would have begun the Combat fresh again :

But now *Amphialus* was charm'd ; his hand
 Had no sufficient warrant to withstand
Parthenia's sute, from whose fair eyes there came
 Such precious tears, in so belov'd a name :
 His eyes grew tender, and his melting heart
 Was overcome, his very soul did smart ;
 He stirr'd not, but kept him at a distance ;
 And (putting by some blows) made no resistance :

But what can long endure ? Lamps wanting oyl,
 Must out at last, although they blaze a while :
 Trees wanting sap must wither ; strength and beauty
 Can claim no privilege to quit that duty
 They ow to Time and Change ; but like a Vine
 (The unsound supporters failing) must decline :
 Poor *Argalus* grows faint, and must give o'er
 To strike ; his feeble arm can strike no more :
 And natures pale-fac'd *Bailly* now distains
 His blood, for that small debt that yet remains
 Unpaid : His arm that cannot use the point,
 Now leans upon the Pomel ; every joynt
 Disclaims their idle sinews ; and his eye
 Begins to double every object by ;

Nothing appears the same it was ; the ground,
And all thereon does seem to dance the round :
His Legs grow faint, and thinking to sit down,
He mist his Chair, and fell into a swoon.

With that *Amphialus* and *Parthenia* ran,
Ran in with haste, *Amphialus* began
To loose his Helmet, whil' st her busie palm
Chaf'd his cold temples, and (distilling Balm
Into his wounds) her hasty fingers tore
Her Linnen sleeves, and Partlet that she wore,
To wipe the tear-mixt-blood away, and wrap
His wounds withal ; upon her panting Lap
She laid his live-les head, and (wanting bands
To binde his bloody cloaths) her nimble hands
(As if it were ordained for that end,
And therefore made so long) did freely rend
Her dainty hair, by handfuls from her head :
But as she wrapt the wounds, her eyes would shed
And wet the rags so much, that she was fain
With sighs and sobs to dry it up again :
Thus half distracted with her griefs and fears,
These words she intermingles with her tears.

*Distrest Parthenia ! Into what estate
Hath fortune, and the direful hand of Fate
Driven thy perplexed soul ? O thou, O thou,
That wert the president of all joys, but now,
Now turn'd th' example of all misery
For torments, worse than death, to practice ly !
How less than nothing art thou ? and how more
Than miserable ! Thou that wert before
All Ladies of the Earth for happiness
But very now, (ah me !) now nothing less :
O angry Heavens, what hath Parthenia done,
To be thus plagu'd ? or why not plagu'd alone,
If guilty ? what shall poor Parthenia do ?
To whom shall she complain ? alas ! or who
Shall give relief ? nay, who can give relief
To her that hopes for succor from her grief ?
O death ! Must we be parted ? n for ever :
And never meet again ? what, never ? never ?*

Ex shall Parthenia now be so unkinde,
 To leave her Argalus, and stay behinde?
 No, no, my dearest Argalus, make room,
 (There's room enough in Heaven) I come, I come.

Who ever saw a dying coal of fire,
 Lurk in warm embers (till some breath inspire
 A forc'd revival) how obscure it lies,
 And being blown, glimmers a while and dies:
 So Argalus, to whom Parthenia's breath
 Giving new life, (a life in spite of death)
 Recal'd him from his death-resembling trance,
 Who from a panting Pillow did advance
 His feeble head, and looking up, he made
 Hard shift to force a language, and thus said:

My dear Parthenia: Now my glass is run,
 The Tapers tell me that the play is done,
 My days are sum'd, death seises on my heart;
 Alas! the time is come, and we must part;
 Yet by my better hopes grim death doth bring
 No grief to Argalus, no other sting
 But this, that I must leave thee, even before
 My grateful action can cross the score
 Of thy dear merits.

But since it pleases him whose wisdom still
 Disposes all things by his better will,
 Depend upon his goodness, and relie
 Upon his pleasure not enquiring why,
 And trust that one day we shall meet, and then
 Enjoy each other ne'r to part agen:

Mean while live happy: Let Parthenia make
 No doubt, but blessed Argalus shall partake
 In all her joys on Earth, which shall increase
 His joys in Heaven, and Souls eternal peace:
 Love well the dear remembrance of thy true
 And faithful Arg'lus; let no thought renew
 My last disgrace: think not the hand of Fate
 Made me unworthy, though unfortunate:

And as he spake that word, his lips did vent
 A sigh, whose violence had well-nigh rent

His.

His heart in twain ; and when a parting kiss
Had given him earnest of approaching bliss,
He snatch'd his sword into his hand, and cry'd,
O death ! Thou art a Conqueror ; and dy'd.

With that *Parthenia*, whose livelihood was founded
Upon his life, bow'd down her head and i wounded ;
But, Grief, that (like a Lion) loves to play
Before it kills, gave Death a longer day,
Else had *Parthenia* dy'd, since death deprived
Him of his life, in whose dear life she lived.

But ah ! *Parthenia's* sorrow was too deep ;
Too too unruly, to be lull'd asleep
By ought but death : She startles from her swoond,
And nimbly rising from the loathed ground,
Kneels down, and lays her trembling hand upon
His luke-warm lips, but finding his breath gone,
Grief plays the tyrant, fierce distraction drives her.
She knows not where, unbounded rage deprives her
Of sense and language, here and there she goes,
Not knowing what to do, nor what she does :
Sometimes, her fair misguided hand would tear
Her beauteous face, sometimes, her beauteous hair ;
As if their use could stand her in no stead,
Since her beloved *Argalus* was dead.

But now *Amphialus* (that all this space
Stood like an Idol fastned to his place ;
Where with a World of tears he did bemoane
The deed, that his unlucky hands had done)
Well knowing that his words would aggravate,
Not ease the misery of her woful state,
Spake not, but caus'd her women that came with her
To urge her to the *Ferry*, where together
With her dead *Argalus* sh imbarke ; from whom
She would not part : No sooner was she come
To t'other shore, but all the Funeral state,
Of Military Discipline did wait
Upon the Corps, whil st troupes of trickling eyes
Fore-ran the well-perform'd solemnities :
The Marshal Trumpet breath'd her doleful sound,
Whil' st others trail'd their Ensigns on the ground ;

Thus

Thus was the most lamented Corps convey'd
 Upon a Chariot, lin'd, and over-laid
 With Sables, to his house, a house, than night
 More black, no more the *Palace of Delight* :
 Where now we leave him to receive the Crown
 Prepar'd for vertue, and deserv'd renown :
 Where now we leave him to be full possesst
 Of endless Peace, and everlasting Rest.

But who shall comfort poor *Parthenia* now ?
 What Oratory can prevail ? or how
 Can Counsel chuse, but blush to undergo
 So vain a task, and be contemned too ?
 May reason move a heart, whose best relief
 Consists in desp'rate yielding to a grief ?
 Or what advice can relish in her ears,
 That weeps, and takes a pleasure in her tears ?

*Readers, forbear, sorrows that are lamented
 Are but exulcerated, but augmented :*

*Forbear attempt, where there is no prevailing,
 A desp'rate grief grows stronger by bewailing :
 Leave her to time and fortune : Let your eyes
 No longer pry into her miseries :*

*True mourners love to be beheld of none,
 Who truly grieves, desires to grieve alone.*

But now our Bloodhound *Muse* must draw, & track
Amphialus, and bring the murderer back
 To a new Combate : Where, if Fortune please
 To crown our Tragick Scene, and to appease
 The crying blood of *Argalus*, with blood :
 Our better relisht, story (making good
 Your hopeful expectations) shall befriend
 The tears of our *Parthenia*, and end.

Soon as the stout *Amphialus* had out-worn
 The danger of his wounds, and made return
 Into the Martial Camp, there to maintain
 His new got honor, and to entertain
 Aggrieved challengers, that shall demand,
 Or seek for satisfaction from his hand :
 An armed *Knight* came praunsing o'er the Plain,
 Denouncing War, and breathing forth Disdain :

Four Dam'sels ushered him in Sable Weeds ;
 And four came after, all on mourning Steeds :
 His curious Armor was so painted over
 With lively shadows, that you might discover
 The Image of a gaping Sepulchre :
 About the which, were scattered here, and there
 Some dead mens bones : His horse was black as Jet,
 His furniture was round about beset
 With branches, plipt from the sad Cypress Tree,
 His bases (reaching far below the Knee)
 Embroidered o'er with worms : Upon his Shield,
 For his Imprese, he had a beauteous Childe,
 Whose Body had two Heads, whereof the t'one
 Appeard quite dead ; the t'other (drawing on)
 Did seem to gasp for breath, and underneath,
 This *Motto* was iuscrib'd, *From death, by death :*
 Thus arm'd to point, he sent his bold desie
 T' *Amphialus*, who sent as quick reply.
 Forthwith, being summon'd, by the Trumpets sound
 They start ; but brave *Amphialus*, that found,
 The *Knight* had mist his rest, (as yet not met)
 Scorning to take advantage, would not let
 His Launce descend, nor (bravely passing by).
 Encounter his befriended enemy.

Whereat the angry *Knight* (not apt to brook
 Such unsupportable mishap) forsook
 His white-mouth'd Steed, throwing his Launce aside,
 (Which too too partial Fortune had deny'd
 A fair success) drew forth his glittering sword :
 Whereat *Amphialus* lighted (who abhor'd
 A conquest meerly by advantage gain'd,
 Esteeming it but robb'd, and not obtain'd).
 Drew forth his sword ; and for a little space
 Their strokes contended with an equal pace,
 And fierceness : He herein did more discover
 A bravery, than anger, whil'st the other
 Bewray'd more spleen, than either skill, or strength,
 To manage it : *Amphialus* at length,
 With more than wonted ease, did batter so
 His ill defended armor, that each blow,

Open'd a door, for death to enter in :
 And now the noble Conqueror does begin
 To hate so poor a conquest, and disdain'd
 To take a life, so easily obtain'd,
 And mov'd with pity, (stepping back) he staid
 His unrelisted violence, and said,
*Sir Knight, contest no more ; but take the peace
 Of your own passion : Let the combat cease ;
 Seek not your causeless ruine ; turn your arm
 (Better employ'd) 'gainst such, as wish you harm ;
 Husband your life, before it be too late,
 Fall not by him, that ne'r deserv'd your hate.*
 To whom, the Knight return'd these words again.
*Thou li'st, false Traitor, and I here disdain
 Both words and mercy with a base desie,
 And to thy throat. my sword shall turn the lie.*
 To whom *Amphialus* : *Uncivil Knight,*
Couragious in nothing, but in spight,
*And base discourtesie, thou soon shalt know
 Whether thy tongue betrays thy heart, or no.*
 And as he spake, he gave him such a wound
 Upon the neck, as struck him to the ground :
 And, with the fall, his sword (that now deny'd
 All mercy) fiercely tilts into his side :
 That done ; he loos'd his Helmet, with intent,
 To make his over-lavish tongue repent
 Of these base words, he had so basely said,
 Or else, to crop him shorter by the head.

Who ever saw th'illustrious eye of Noon
 (New broken from a gloomy cloud) send down
 His earth-rejoycing glory, and display
 His golden beams upon the sons of Day :
 Even so, the Helmet being gone, a fair
 And costly treasure of unbraided hair
 O'rspreed the shoulders of the vanquish'd Knight,
 Whose now discover'd visage (in despite
 Of neighb'ring death,) did witness and proclaim
 A sovereign beauty in *Parthenia's* name,
 And she it was indeed. see how she lies
 Smiling on death, as if her blessed eyes

(Best

Book 3. *Argalus and Parthenia.*

(Blest in their best desires) had espied
His face already, for whose sake she died:
The *Lillies*, and the *Roses* (that while ere
Srove in her cheeks, till they compounded there)
Have broke their truce, and freshly fall to blows,
Behold the *Lilly* hath o'rcome the *Rose*:
Her *Alabaster* neck (that did out-go
The *Doves* in whiteness, Or the new falln *Snow*)
Was stain'd with blood, as if the red did seek
Protection there, being banish'd from her cheek:
So full of Sweetness, was her dying face,
That death hath nor the power to displace
Her native beauty; onely by translation,
Molded, and cloath'd it in a newer fashion.

But now *Amphialus*, (in whom grief and shame
Of this unlucky victory, did claim
An equal interest) prostrate on the Earth,
Accurs'd his sword, his arm, his hour of birth;
Casting his *Helmet*, and his *Gauntlet* by,
His undissembled tears did testifie
What words could not: But finding her estate
More apt for help, than grief (though both too late)
Crept on his knees, and begging pardon of her,
His hands (his often cursed hands) did proffer
Their needles help, and, with his life to show
What honor a devoted heart could do:
Where to *Parthenia* (whose expiring breath
Gave speedy signs of a desired death)
Turning her first (but oft recalled) eyes
Upon *Amphialus*, faintly thus replies.

Sir, you have done enough, and I require
No more: Your hands have done, what I desire,
What I expect; and if against your will,
The better: so I wish your favors still.
Let one thing more (if enemies may sue)
I crave, which is, to be untouch'd by you;
And as for honor, all that I demand,
Is not to purchase honor from your hand:
No, no, 'twas no such bargain made; that he,
Whose hands had kill'd my *Argalus*, should help me:

Tome

Your hands have done enough, I crave no more ;
 And for the deeds sake I forgive the doer:
 What then remains ? but that I go to rest
 With Argalus, and to be repossess'd
 Of him, with him for ever to abide,
 Ere since whose death I have so often died.
 And there she fainted (even as if the Clock
 Of death had given a warning ere it struck)
 But soon returning to her self again :
 Welcome sweet death, (said she) whose minutes pain
 Shall crown this Soul with everlasting pleasure.
 Come, come, and welcome, I attend thy leisure,
 Delay me not : O do me not that wrong,
 My Argalus will chide, I stay so long :
 O now I feel the Gordian knotted bands
 Of life unti'd : O Heavens ! into your hands
 I recommend my better part, with trust
 To finde you much more merciful than just :
 (Yet truly just withal) O life ! O death !
 I call you to a witness that this breath
 Ne'r drew a blast of comfort, since that hour
 My Arg'us died : O thou eternal Power,
 Shroud all my faults beneath the Milk-white vail
 Of thy dear mercy; and when this tongue shall fail
 To speak, O then.

And as she spake (O then) O then she left
 To speak ; and being suddainly bereft
 Of words, the fatal Sister did divide
 Her slender twine of life, and so she di'd.

So di'd Parthenia, in whose closed eyes
 The world of Beauty and Perfection lies
 (Lockt up by Angels, as a thing divine)
 From mortal eyes, the whilst her vertues shine
 In perfect glory, in the throne of glory,
 Leaving the world no Relick, but the story
 Of earths perfection, for the mouth of Fame
 To consecrate to her eternal name,
 Which shall survive, (if Muses can divine)
 (Though not in these poor monuments of mine)

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To th' end of days, and by these looser times,
 Shall be deliver'd to succeeding times :
 So long as beauty shall but finde a friend,
Partheniaes lasting fame shall never end :
 Till, to be truly vertuous, to be chaste,
 Be held a sin, *Partheniaes* name shall last.

Thus when *Amphialus* had put out this Lamp,
 This Lamp of honor, he forsook the Camp,
 And, like a willing pris'ner was confin'd
 To the strict limits of a troubled minde :
 No Jury need b'impannell'd or agreed
 Upon the Verdict, none to attest the deed ;
 None to give sentence in the Judgment-hall ;
 Himself was Witness, Jury, Judg, and all :
 Where now we leave him, whilst we turn our eyes
 Upon *Partheniaes* women, whose fierce cries
 Inforce a helpless audience : *It is said,*
When Troy was taken, such a cry was made.
 One snatcht *Partheniaes* sword, resolv'd to die
Partheniaes death : Another raving by,
 Strove for the weapon ; through which eager strife,
 They both were hindred, and each sav'd a life.
 Others, whom wiser passion had taught how
 To grieve at easier rates, did rudely throw
 Their careless bodies on the purple floor :
 Where, sprinkling dust upon their heads, they tore
 Their tangled hair, and garments drencht in tears :
 And cry'd, as if *Partheniaes* blessed ears
 Could hear the voice of grief, such griefs as would
 Return her from her glory, if they could :
 Each heart was turn'd a Wardrobe of true passion,
 Where griefs were cloathed in a several fashion,
 Sometimes their sorrow would recal to view
 Her vertue, chastness, sweetness, and renew
 Their wasted passions, and oft-times they bann'd
 Themselves, for obeying her unjust command.

And now by this the mournful trump of Fame
 (Grown hoarse with very sorrow) did proclame
 And spread her doleful tidings, whilst all ears
 And eyes were fil'd with death, and sliding tears :

Pity and sorrow mixt with admiration,
 Became the threefold subject of all passion:
 Grief went her progress through all hearts, and none
 From the poor Cottage to the Princely throne (row
 Could own a thought, whose best advice could bor-
 The smallest respite from th'extreams of sorrow.

But all this while, *Basilus* Princely brest,
 As is commanded, so out-griev'd the rest:
 His share was treble: Hearts of Kings are deep
 And close; what once they entertain, they keep
 With violence: The violence of his passion
 Admits no mean, as yet, no moderation:
 But soon as grief had done her private rights
 And dues to *Honor*: *Honor* (that delights
 In publick service, and can make the breath
 Of sighs and sobs to triumph over death)
 Call'd in Solemnity, with all her train
 And Military pomp to entertain
 Our welcom Mourners, whose slow paces tread
 The paths of death; and, with sad triumph lead
 The slumbring body, to that bed of rest,
 Where nothing can disquiet, or molest
 Her sacred ashes, there intombed, lay
 The valiant *Argalus*; and there, they say,
 Ere since that time, th' *Arcadians* once a year,
 Visit the ruines of their Sepulchre;
 And in memorial of their faithful loves,
 There built an Altar, where two Milk-white Doves
 They yearly offer to the hallowed Fame
 Of *Argalus* and his *Partheniaes* name.

Hos ego versiculos.

Like to the Damask Rose you see,
 Or like the Blossom on a Tree,
 Or like the dainty flower of May,
 Or like the morning to the day,
 Or like the Sun, or like the shade,
 Or like the Gourd that Jonas had,
 Even such is man, whose thred is spun,
 Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.

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*The Rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth :
The Sun-fets, the shadow flies,
The Gourd consumes, and man he dies.*

*Like to the blaze of fond delight :
Or like a morning clear and bright,
Or like a Frost, or like a shower
Or like the pride of Babels Tower,
Or like the hour that guides the time,
Or like to Beauty in her prime :
Even such is man, whose glory lends
His life a blaze or two, and ends.*

*Delights vanish, the morn e'r-casteth,
The Frost breaks, the shower hasteth,
The Tower falls, the hour spends,
The Beauty fades, and mans life ends.*

Fr. Quarles.

The Authors Dream.

I.

M*Y sins are like the hairs upon my Head,
And raise their Audit to as high a score :
In this they differ : These do daily shed.
But ah ! My sins grow daily more and more.
If by my Hairs thou number out my sins ;
Heaven make me bald before the day begins.*

II.

*My sins are like the Sands upon the shore,
Which every ebb layes open to the eye,
In this they differ : These are cover'd o'r
With every tide, my sins still open lie.
If thou wilt make my Head a Sea of Tears,
O they will hide the sins of all my years.*

My

III.

*My sins are like the Stars within the skies,
In view, in number even as bright, as great :
In this they differ : They do set and rise,
But ah ! My sins do rise, but never set.
Shine Sun of glory, and my sins are gone
Like twinkling Stars, before the rising Sun.*

Fr. Quarles.

FINIS.







